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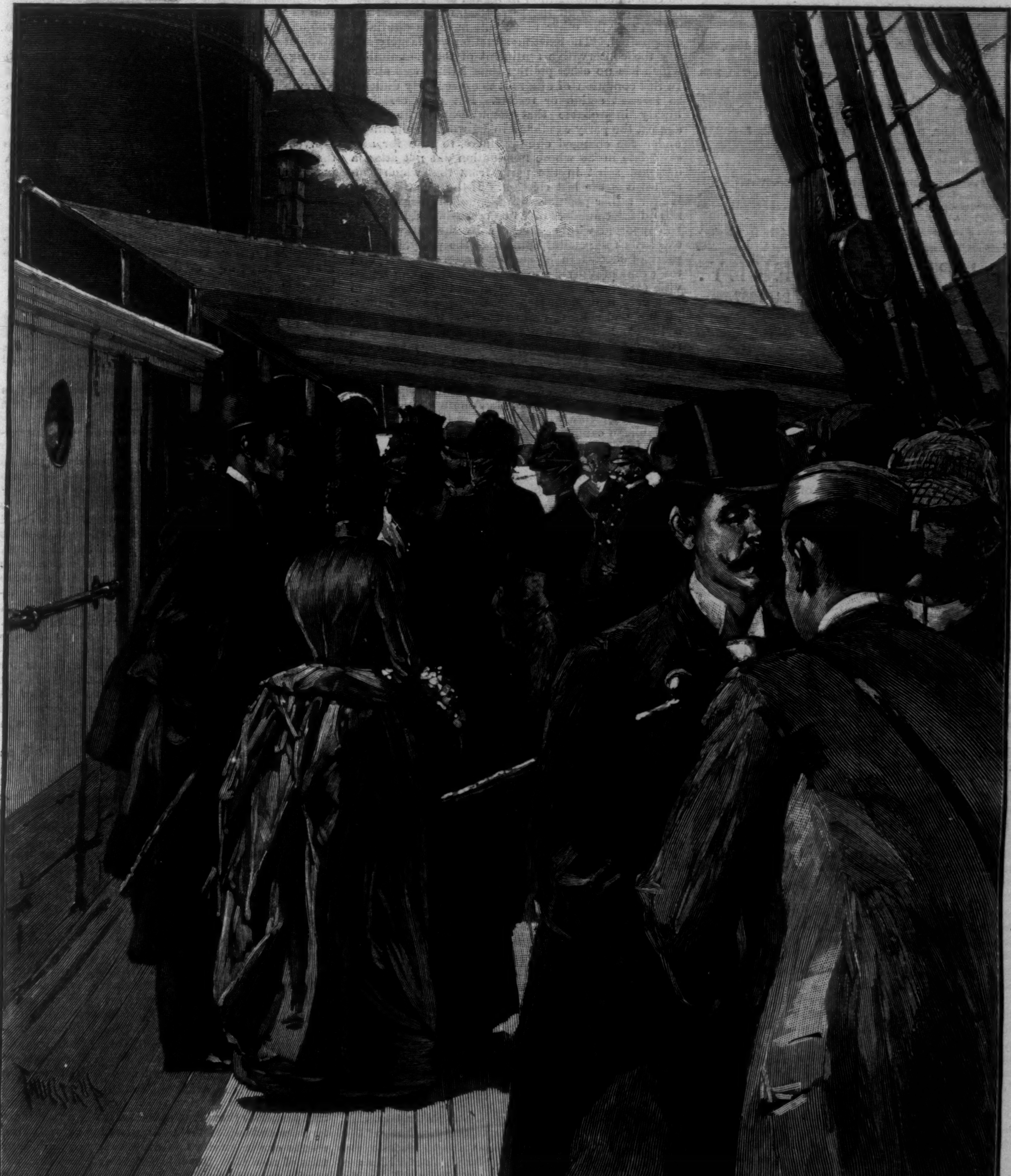

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1887.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

PARTY BOURBONS.

IT was a very significant remark in the Convention that nominated Mr. CLEVELAND for the Presidency that "we love him for the enemies he has made." It is a remark of general and constant applicability, for it is only another form of the old proverb, he is known by his companions. One of the most significant tributes to the character and course of the President is the opposition of the most Bourbon element of his party, and the incessant Bourbon vociferation that the very course which commends him to the general regard and confidence of the country is opposed to the wishes and the interests of his party. A recent striking illustration of this hostility in the President's own party is the platform of the Kentucky Democratic Convention. It praises his integrity and fidelity to duty, especially in vetoing the pension bill, and then it devotes an entire plank to veiled denunciation of his especial policy. There is no reason to doubt that the *Courier-Journal* expresses the general feeling of the Kentucky Democracy, and that journal's hostility to the President is well known. It says substantially that he is as good a Democrat as he knows how to be, but that he knows very little about it, and is really misled and bejuggled by all kinds of political will-o'-the-wisps. The resolution, which is a shot aimed at the President, declares the opposition of the Kentucky Democracy to his views and policy, although it misconceives and misstates them for rhetorical and political effect.

It is this Bourbon opposition to the President, and its deliberate caricature and misrepresentation of the course which it dislikes, which commend him to the national regard. If the Democratic politicians who proclaim or insinuate their hostility to the President loudly approved him and his course, his friends would look with alarm to see whether he was indeed faithless to his own convictions. Nothing could inspire such profound distrust among his most earnest supporters as the applause of those who drew the Kentucky platform. Mr. Speaker CARLISLE was chairman of the Convention, and he spoke very politely of the President as just and impartial. But there was no warm and strong expression of sympathy and approval of his course. In an interview immediately before the Convention the Speaker intimated that the President was turning out Republicans as fast as could be fairly expected—a remark which is of course essentially inconsistent with the President's declared views upon the subject. These are not trivial or insignificant facts. Whether the Speaker's tone and remarks expressed his own feelings, or whether he were trying to please what he knew to be the feeling of his party, it is equally clear that they indicate party opposition to the President. "We love him for the enemies he has made." It is just that opposition which is of the best augury, because it shows that the President and a large part of his party are "setting their faces toward the morning," and that there is an actual conflict between the Democratic Bourbons and the Progressive Democrats. It is another encouraging sign of the political situation.

A political leader may be wisely studied in his friends as in his foes. As the remark we have quoted was applied to Mr. CLEVELAND in 1884, its principle was applied to his opponent. But while one had alienated the party Bourbons, the other had alienated an earnest, honest, and progressive body of his party. The Republican bolt of '84 was effective, not alone by its numbers, but by its character, and it is undeniable that if one of the candidates was loved for the enemies he had made, the other was distrusted for many of his friends. One of the chief difficulties of the Republican campaign next year will be to show clearly the kind of relation that would exist in the event of success between other candidates and the tendencies and influences that prevailed in '84 and produced the bolt. Four years will have passed. The general situation will have radically changed. What may be called the superstition in regard to parties, namely, that one has all the patriotism, wisdom, and capacity, and the other none, will have substantially disappeared. The existing situation will largely satisfy the conservative sentiment of the community, which has no other politics than letting well alone. In this condition of affairs it is exceedingly difficult to forecast action or results. But it is certainly highly improbable that Republicans who voted against the party candidate in '84 would be inclined, under the changed circumstances, to vote for any candidate in '88 whose nomination did not attest a different spirit in the party from that which controlled it at the last election. If the remark, which is now rather popular with Republican organs, that should the candidate of '84 be renominated he would be supported with enthusiasm by the entire party, expresses the general opinion of the party, its prospects of success in '88 are not flattering, except in the event of a divided opposition. Even the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, which holds the President to be a very indifferent Democrat, concedes his renomination, and confesses its willingness to support him as the candidate. This is a frank confession that he is stronger than his party. Is there any such Republican? Is any Republican likely to succeed who is weaker than his party? Is there any change of public sentiment or of the situation, excepting always a possible division of the Administration party by the labor vote, which authorizes the belief that a Republican campaign upon the nomination and the issues of '84 would be more prosperous in '88? Is it probable for any reason whatever that there will be less independence in voting now than then, or rather is it not unquestionable that the independent vote has enormously increased? All such questions are well worth considering in speculating upon the election of next year.

THE UNITED LABOR PARTY.

THE United Labor party in New York has issued a call for a State Convention to meet in Syracuse on the 17th of August, to nominate candidates for State offices at the election in November. The call sets forth the principles and purposes of the party, which are, in brief, State ownership of land and of telegraphs and railroads, and a circulating medium issued by the government. These are very radical propositions, which there will be plenty of time to discuss. The general scheme is a form of socialism, but it proposes no confiscation of land. It contemplates Mr. HENRY GEORGE's plan of levying taxes upon land alone, intending thus to cause the relinquishment of land held for speculation, securing to the state or the community the unearned increment, and opening opportunities for labor and separate homes. The general principle of the new party is directly opposed to the American principle of self-help. It proposes an immense increase of the functions of government, or what is known as paternalism. The axiom of JEFFERSON, that that is the best government which governs least, is rejected by the Labor party, although its members are supposed to be chiefly drawn from the Democratic party. The members of the new party are required to withdraw from other party organizations.

In the present political situation such a movement is very significant, and it will be closely watched and studied. The labor movements of the last few years show how general and how deep is the feeling that some industrial changes are desirable and indispensable. The traditional claim of the Democratic party to be the working-men's party, and of the Republican to be the party of protection to labor, have not availed to prevent the tendency toward a new political organization to secure such changes. Mr. GEORGE, who had hitherto abstained from participation in politics, announced last autumn that he thought the time had come for men of his views to resort to political methods, and he accepted a nomination for the Mayoralty. The large vote, 68,000, which he received, and which was larger than that of the candidate of one of the two old parties, with the extraordinary interest and excitement produced by his canvass, was a fact of great importance. The agitation of Dr. McGLYNN which has followed has served to show how warm and strong is the support of Mr. GEORGE's views, and a Labor Convention which should represent a large constituency in the State would be an event which would radically confuse the calculations of the political sages.

The vote of Mr. GEORGE last autumn indicated desire and dissatisfaction more than anything else, and could not be regarded as the expression of a definite party. But undoubtedly a large part of his supporters would gladly sustain a new party, and the same reasons that produced the vote for Mr. GEORGE in the city of New York would produce support of the United Labor party in other cities of the State. With the constant increase of the Prohibition vote and the great extension of the Independent vote, the appearance of a Labor party, even if its vote should be computed at no more than 20,000, would throw the result of the election into complete doubt. The important point in the consideration of the new movement is the fact of its earnestness, not the wisdom of its platform. There are many honest men who have been accustomed to vote for the Democratic candidates who voted for Mr. GEORGE last November. Having once broken away, it will be very much easier for them to vote for a Labor candidate next November. There are plenty of men who are not in earnest at all who will join them, because they think that the new party will be an important party, and they wish to be early recruits. The call for a Labor Convention is significant, even if it signify no more than a passing gust in the political atmosphere. A passing gust has been known to capsize a great many craft.

THE LAST ASSAULT UPON REFORM.

IN a long paper upon "Our City Charter" in the Jamestown (New York) *Evening Journal*, Judge MARVIN SMITH says of the late tenure of office act that it is

"as impracticable and as great a hinderance, as contrary to business-like principles, as is that nondescript and orphaned statute, conceived of selfishness, born of cowardice, nourished by fear, and christened civil service law—a law that foists upon an Administration and compels it to tolerate its enemies and remnants and fag-ends of a prior Administration—a law which, if applied to any business enterprise, would drive it to bankruptcy."

If the rest of the Judge's paper is written in this spirit and with this profound ignorance of facts, it is not of great value. Judge MARVIN SMITH has apparently never read the law which he thus summarily denounces. The power of removal is absolutely untouched by it. That power is as unlimited as it was under ANDREW JACKSON, and it is a complete misstatement of the fact to say that it "foists" any officer upon an Administration, or "compels it to tolerate its enemies." President CLEVELAND could have dismissed every Republican officer within his appointment in the service on the 5th of March, 1885, if he had chosen to do so, and it is because he had common-sense enough and business knowledge enough not to do so that he is assailed by Democrats who hold the opinions of Judge MARVIN SMITH, but with more knowledge of the civil service law. Judge SMITH says that if such a law were applied to any business enterprise it would drive it to bankruptcy. Possibly a law such as he supposes the civil service law to be might be mischievous. But in fact the principle of the actual law is that of all successful business, and in many great corporations and enterprises it is applied *mutatis mutandis* as in government offices.

This remarkable statement of Judge SMITH's is an illustration of the loose and inaccurate manner in which public questions are discussed when they are treated with prejudice and upon hearsay. If there be an abuse which the most eminent statesmen of all parties in the country, beginning with WEBSTER, CALHOUN, and CLAY, and including in our own time EDMUNDS, BAYARD, and HOAR, have denounced, it is that of which Judge SMITH makes himself indirectly the champion. Reform of a notorious evil in administration Judge SMITH holds to be "conceived of selfishness, born of cowardice, nourished by fear." The reform law, nevertheless, was passed by the overwhelming vote of both parties in Congress, and the testimony of those who have been chiefly concerned in its practical operation is unanimous in favor of the excellence of its results. Moreover, its most violent opponents, who describe it in the spirit and in the language of Judge SMITH, are those whose control of the government and predominance in politics are most earnestly to be opposed by lovers of honest government and decent politics.

Civil service reform is not merely the observance of certain rules of examination. It is the correction of corruption in politics, and the restoration of political parties to their true function, which is the maintenance and enforcement of national policies. These results can be attained, of course, only by certain details of method. But it is as foolish to say that civil service reform consists of certain competitive literary examinations as it would be to say that steam travel consists of heating water in a teakettle. The key-note of reform is struck in the President's saying that public office is a public trust, not a party perquisite. It is patriotism applied to the public service. It is the

application of the most familiar business principles to the public business. No prosperous private business house changes its clerks and employés regularly every four years, or dismisses a good book-keeper because he is or is not a Pedobaptist, or discharges a porter because he approves or disapproves a protective tariff. Judge MARVIN SMITH would probably regard Mr. PEARSON, the postmaster of New York, as one of the Administration's "enemies and remnants and fag-ends of a prior Administration." But in the opinion of the people of New York, who receive their letters and papers at the office, he is an admirable, efficient, and experienced postmaster, who attends strictly and effectively to his duties, and not to politics, which is the kind of Postmaster they desire. They do not care whether he is for a high tariff or a low tariff, so long as he observes the primary principle of all prosperous affairs, which is to mind your own business. If he be a remnant and a fag-end, then remnants and fag-ends make the best postmasters. A reform which has to encounter only ignorance and vituperation is a pretty promising reform.

THE VETO OF THE CONVENTION BILL.

NOTHING shows more clearly the total want of wise leadership in the Republican party in New York than the course of the majority of the Legislature upon the bill for a Constitutional Convention. The Constitution authorizes the submission every twentieth year of the question of calling such a Convention. The people decided by an emphatic vote at the autumn election that a Convention should be called. Immediately upon the meeting of the Legislature a bill, which had been carefully drawn upon consultation with intelligent men of all parties, was introduced, and as the question was very simple, and provisions for such Conventions were very familiar, there was no valid excuse for not pushing the bill to a passage. The election for delegates could then have been held this spring. The Convention could have assembled in the summer, and its work could have been submitted to the people at the autumn election. The year is politically an "off year." Public attention would not have been diverted from the question, and an equitable representation of all shades of opinion would have been secured. There was never a simpler duty to be more easily performed. Only unusual dulness and an extraordinary genius for blundering could prevent the prompt action which would have been satisfactory to the people of the State. But the opportunity was lost. The Democratic Governor vetoed the Republican bill amid the general popular conviction that he was right.

The original bill was set aside, and a suspicious substitute was introduced. Action upon it was delayed until near the end of the session, and it was then passed. It provided for an election of delegates by Assembly districts, and of thirty-two delegates at large, as in 1867, of which each party was to vote for sixteen. The election was postponed until the autumn, and the Convention was to meet next year, at the same time with the Legislature. It was to sit during part of the Presidential campaign, and submit the result of its deliberations to the people at the Presidential election. Such a bill was a plain avoidance of the real duty devolved upon the Legislature. The Constitution undoubtedly commits the law providing for the whole subject to the legislative discretion. But every legislator is bound to assume that the Constitution intends the Convention to be called as soon as practicable after the result of the vote in its favor is known; and he is also bound to know that while in an election for delegates party preferences will prevail, and a party majority result, yet party feeling should be as far as possible mitigated by the conditions of the election, in order that the general welfare, and not partisan advantage, shall be the chief object of the Convention.

But every detail of the bill as passed tended to defeat this purpose. If it had been intended to secure a great party majority, to distract the calm disposition of the Convention during its deliberations, to submit the result, not upon its merits, but as a party act and in the culmination of the most passionate party conflict, it could not have been a different bill. This was so evident that it was plainly suggested that the bill was the work of those who wished to baffle the popular will and delay a Convention by preparing a law which the Governor would certainly veto. If that was the purpose, it was promptly fulfilled. Without delay the Governor sent in a veto based upon the various points that we have mentioned, so plainly stated that they carry conviction with them. Even the plea of economy, which was raised in favor of merging the election of delegates and the submission of the work of the Convention in the State and national elections, is turned against the Legislature by the Governor. Indeed, intelligent Republicans must wince to see how completely the Legislature has given the Governor the game. Honesty is the best policy. If the Legislature had promptly passed the original bill, the party of the majority would have proved its regard for its duty and the public will, and would still have had a majority of the Convention if it were rightfully entitled to it. The legislative majority this year has had many opportunities. Some it has improved; some it has heedlessly thrown away. But the chief blunder, and the one which will harm it most, is the blunder of the Convention bill.

THE TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

THE act of the New York Legislature to repeal the laws which prohibit music in places where beer is sold is unquestionably approved by the most intelligent public opinion. The law is an illustration of the carelessness and thoughtlessness of much of the legislation upon the subject. It is this recklessness which greatly strengthens the opposition to all such legislation, upon the ground that it interferes with personal liberty, and that it is enough to hold every man responsible for keeping the peace, without attempting to regulate his habits of eating and drinking. That is not a sound view, but it is very plausible to many persons, who forget that society has the right to take care of itself, and that it may as justly regulate the traffic in ardent spirits as in that of gunpowder. The legislation upon the subject, however, is very apt to be careless, because it is insincere. The legislators who vote to prohibit music in beer halls, for instance, are not necessarily opposed to music in beer halls, but the prohibition vote will be propitiated by forbidding the music, which is apparently held to be an incitement to tippling and disorder, although the tendency is actually the reverse.

The vigor of Mayor HEWITT in enforcing the law against the selling of liquor on Sunday will undoubtedly produce some definite result in discriminating between reasonable and unreasonable suppression of the traffic. There has been a great deal of timidity upon the part of many excellent persons in publicly supporting Dr. CROSBY'S sensible view, in which they privately cordially agree, that the denunciation of all drinking of wine and beer as a crime leads to total mental confusion and the passage of arbitrary and unjust laws. The temperance campaign has been often largely conducted upon the theory that moderate drinkers are the chief enemies of temperance, which is like saying that the man who smokes a cigar occasionally is the chief cause of other men's besotting themselves with opium. The temperance question is one of great importance, but its wise treatment requires nothing more imperatively than commonsense.

The anti-saloon meeting in the Cooper Union on the 24th of May is another event of especial interest in the anti-liquor campaign. It is designed, as we have already stated, to define the position of the Republican party as a party relentlessly hostile to the saloon. The Republicans who lead the movement desire, as we understand, to procure the adoption by the party of an anti-saloon plank so uncompromising that those who are pecuniarily interested in the liquor business will withdraw from the party. Their argument is that while the position of the party is indefinite—while it is a party "upon the whole," but not distinctively and in terms, hostile to the liquor interest—temperance men are constantly leaving it. The time, therefore, in the judgment of these leaders, has come for the party to decide which it prefers to lose the saloon vote or the temperance vote. They believe, indeed, that the saloon vote is already lost, and cannot be held or regained, and that the welfare of the party demands an open and relentless declaration against the saloon. But such a declaration will not be made until the party is convinced that anti-saloon Republicans will refuse to vote for saloon Republican candidates, or will vote against them. In other words, they will control the action of the party upon the subject only when they prove that they are more interested to overthrow the saloon than to secure the success of the party. If reform within the party means to anti-saloon Republicans invariable support of the party, whether controlled by the saloon or not, until they convert the party to their view and purpose, the saloon Republicans will cheerfully co-operate with them.

A FUTILE SHOT.

THE attack of a Portland paper upon Senator SHERMAN for what he said in his speech at Nashville in regard to the bravery and sincerity of the Southern soldiers in the civil war is merely an effort to revive sectional animosity. Senator SHERMAN has certainly never shown undue deference to "the South," and his speech at Nashville simply recognized the situation as it is. Nothing secured by the war has been surrendered, and Senator SHERMAN has not proposed any surrender. But honorable men, whether in civil or military life, are not reluctant to acknowledge the honesty and the valor of their foes.

Senator SHERMAN did not say that everything was as it should be in the Southern States, more than in his own State, where great election frauds are not unknown, and which has but recently repealed the last of its anti-negro laws. The Senator mentioned the wrongs upon voters in certain parts of Southern States, but agreed that the remedy lies in the courts or in emigration. In saying this he merely reaffirmed the decisions of the Supreme Court and the course and views of a Republican Congress and administration.

The strength of no Republican candidate for the Presidential nomination will be impaired by proving that he does not look upon the people of the Southern States as traitors and rebels, but that while he opposes the party to which they generally belong, he concedes their patriotism and their honorable acquiescence in the result of the war, as forcibly expressed by Mr. LAMAR at Charleston. If the success of the Republican party next year depends upon reawakening the passions of the war and the feelings of the old anti-slavery controversy, it is greatly to be commiserated.

PERSONAL.

MR. LOUIS L. LORILLARD has taken possession, with his family, of the magnificent villa at Newport bequeathed to him by Miss CATHERINE LORILLARD WOLFE. Since the death of Miss WOLFE he has learned that during his two years' absence in Europe she instructed her agent who was buying the treasures for the adornment of the house to consult his tastes in all matters, in order that he might be the better pleased when he came into possession; but she never gave Mr. LORILLARD the slightest intimation of her intention to leave him the property. Her death occurred on the morning of his arrival in New York, whither he had come to visit her in her illness. Every day he finds stored away in the commodious closets of the villa surprises in the shape of costly embroideries or bric-à-brac, of whose existence nobody seems to have known. The whole story is almost a chapter from the *Arabian Nights.*

—Mr. LOUIS R. EHRICH, of this city, now residing at Colorado Springs, has offered to lend to the Cincinnati Museum his fine collection of Dutch paintings of the seventeenth century. These pictures, gathered by himself in out-of-the-way places in Europe, sometimes in old farm-houses, where they had been heirlooms for several generations, are an instructive and pleasing array. They were shown privately in this city on several occasions previous to M. EHRICH'S departure for Colorado, and were most appreciated by those who know most about art.

—Our esteemed contemporary *The Craftsman* prints two excellent portraits of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS and Mr. ANTHONY J. DREXEL in commemoration of a check for $10,000 to the order of the president of the International Typographical Union of North America. Mr. CHILDS describes himself as having had satisfactory business relations for many years with the printers, and he generously sends the money—$5000 from himself and $5000 from Mr. DREXEL—as an absolute gift, in full confidence that the sagacious and conservative counsellors of the Typographical Union will use it for the good of the printers.

—A critic at the present Royal Academy Exhibition in London commends a picture by Mr. GEORGE H. BOUGHTON for a certain nameless sentiment of life and nature which distinguishes a true work of art from a mechanical copy of what a photographic camera sees.

—Mr. GREGER, the Secretary of the Russian Legation at Washington, is an accomplished amateur swordsman and huntsman, a member of the New York Fencers' Club, and an enthusiast in out-door sports. He recently organized a paper hunt in the suburbs of Washington, which MRS. CLEVELAND honored with her presence. As her carriage passed between two lines of huntsmen they took their hats off and cheered her loudly.

—In distributing the prizes at the Sheffield School of Art, Sir JOHN MILLAIS, the celebrated English painter, took occasion to praise in the highest terms "an American named ABBEY" for his illustrations of "Sally in our Alley." In France Mr. ABBEY'S work has received similar recognition.

—At the unveiling of the GARFIELD monument President CLEVELAND spoke of Mr. GARFIELD'S loving tenderness in every domestic relation, his bravery on the field of battle, his fame and distinction in the halls of legislation, and his highest honor and dignity in the Chief Magistracy of the nation.

—The contingent expenses of an institution like the Metropolitan Museum are thought of by few persons save the trustees, who have to meet the bills. It costs now $47,000 a year to run it, and when the new wing is finished the figures will be $87,000. There are forty-three employés. The British government contributes about $800,000 a year to run the British Museum.

—MRS. CLEVELAND has been congratulated by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Hamburg, New York, on her moral heroism in having drunk cold water at a diplomatic dinner.

—Mr. JULIAN HAWTHORNE points out the importance of fresh out-door air to the lungs, and laments that most people let year after year go by without once drawing a full breath.

—A necklace of 213 brilliants, weighing 363 carats, was bought by a well-known firm of American jewellers at the great sale of the French crown-jewels, for $36,600.

—On the Battery, near the Barge Office, it is proposed to set up a large bronze tablet with the following inscription: "Here, at the White Hall, General WASHINGTON took barge on the fourth day of December, 1783, after his farewell to his officers. Erected by the New York Southern Society, in behalf of the citizens of New York, February 22, 1888."

—Captain E. P. HERENDEEN, after a sojourn of four years in the arctic, is about to send a valuable collection of Alaskan curios to the Smithsonian Institution. He went north in 1881 with the polar expedition under Lieutenant RAY, and after leaving that party spent two years with the Newakmunes, a little known tribe, allied to the Esquimaux, living near Point Barrow. From them he obtained a number of beautiful suits of deer-skin, trimmed with wolverene fur, and a great variety of household utensils and ornaments, beautifully carved, from the tusks of mastodons that abound in the Alaskan fields.

—Senator CULLOM, of Illinois, father of the Inter-State Commerce Bill, is in the habit of frequently visiting Chicago during the summer, because "the lake on one side and the prairie on the other combine to make it a place of perpetual breezes."

—MRS. MARY A. TALCOTT, of Chicago, makes an annual gift of $1000 to the Humane Society of that city. Her husband gave the society $50,000 during his lifetime.

—Sir GEORGE and Lady PHILLIPS, of Hong-Kong, arrived by the last China steamer at San Francisco, where they spent a few days, and then resumed their journey to England. Sir GEORGE has been for many years Chief-Justice of Hong-Kong.

—Dr. MARY E. BATES, known as one of the best surgeons in Chicago, was the first woman to graduate from a medical college in that city. She has a large practice.

—CHARLIE TING SING, one of the survivors of the *Jeannette* expedition, is about to start in San Francisco a fine Chinese restaurant. He recently received from the government a sum of money in recognition of his services.

—A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* proposes a new candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency in these terms: "In view of the uncertainty of uniting the party on either BLAINE, SHERMAN, or EDMUNDS for nomination in '88, I would name General LEW WALLACE for the standard-bearer. I think his military, diplomatic, and literary record entitles him to consideration. Any man who could write *Ben-Hur* would make a good President." General WALLACE seems to be a living disproof of the adage about a prophet being without honor in his own country, for in Crawfordsville, where he has resided most of his life, his admirers are said to be more ardent and numerous than anywhere else, and it is in Indiana that the Presidential suggestion has been most enthusiastically seconded.

THE UNITED STATES ARMORED CRUISER "ATLANTA."—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 367.]

"ALL THE TIME, WHILE THE VILLAGERS LOOKED ON OPEN-MOUTHED, HE LAUGHED AND CRIED, AND LAUGHED AGAIN."

TO CALL HER MINE.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "The World Went Very Well Then," "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "Self or Bearer," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

WHO CAN HE BE?

The inn upon Challacombe Green is a small place and a humble, though visitors who drive over from Chagford may get tea served in a neat and clean parlor, and those who find no solace in tea may refresh themselves with beer or cider. But let them not look for food, for there is no butcher or any shop of purveyor or provider within four miles. Yet if a man should desire a bed, he may find one here, clean and sweet, if he write for it beforehand; and meat as well to stay the inner man, provided the landlord has been warned in time to catch the butcher. The inn is licensed to Joseph Exon. It has no bar or tap-room; but Mrs. Exon receives her friends in a large, low room, which is at once the keeping-room, kitchen, and drawing-room of the Exon family. It is also the smoking divan of the parish of Challacombe. The room is paved with stone, and furnished with a long wooden table and benches, a high-backed wooden settle to pull before the fire in cold weather, and a broad hospitable fireplace. The kettle is always on the hob; overhead, the black rafters are adorned with sides of bacon and strings of onions; the cider and the beer are fetched from a narrow closet or cellar at the end of the room. There are seldom many men in the place, except on Saturday night; and, as a rule, everybody is gone, the inn shut up, and the family are asleep in their beds by half past nine. It is, moreover, essentially a village inn, designed for the rustics of that village which has never existed; the farmers would not, for instance, be seen sitting in its room in the evening, or at any other time; it is the club, the resort, and the place of recreation for the laborers.

The room was about half full at nine o'clock this Saturday evening. Three or four men, strangers, who had come up from Newton-Abbot on a road-making job, were drinking beer. The rest, laborers on the Challacombe farms, sat every man behind a tankard of cider—that sour brew which nips the throat, and somehow, though it is so sour and so weak, refreshes the hot haymakers or the weary traveller better than any other drink ever invented. The fire was burning, although it was midsummer. The company sat about the room for the most part in silence; not because there was nothing to say, but because those who meet every night know very well that what they have to say everybody else has to say; speech, therefore, is needless. Had these rustics been Americans or colonials they would have played whist, poker, monty, or euchre, also in silence; being Devonshire men, they sat and smoked their pipes, as their fathers and grandfathers had done, in a friendly silence which was in itself restful; and they felt the convivial influences of repose and elbowship.

The latch was lifted, and an unknown person—a stranger—stood in the door, looking about the room. Strangers, in guise of tourists, are often seen on Challacombe Green in the daytime; they come over in traps of every description; but these strangers are dressed in tweeds or broadcloth. Such a stranger as he who stood in the doorway and looked around is rare indeed. Tramps and vagabonds never come to Challacombe; men really in search of work seldom, for they inquire first at Moreton or at Bovey, where it is well known that there is no work to be had in the parish except farm-work, and of hands there are more than enough in these bad times, so that the population of the parish is slowly decreasing.

Such a stranger, too! Devonshire rustics are not close followers of fashion to gird at a man because he goes in raiment roughhewn. But there is a point where the honest garb of labor begins to become the contemptible rags and tatters of destitution. And there is a point at which the duds of the beggar seem ready to drop to pieces should Providence suffer a shower to fall upon them. Both these points had been reached—and passed—by the rags upon this man. He was clothed, in fact, in the same things, ragged and weather-stained, which he had worn all the way from Australia. Fancy undertaking a long voyage with no luggage at all—absolutely none, not even a hand-bag or a hat-box, or even a pocket-handkerchief full of things! A voyage all the way from Sydney without a change! His flannel shirt was torn down the front, and exposed his chest; a dirty red cotton handkerchief was tied around his neck; a leather strap buckled round his waist seemed absolutely necessary to prevent that shirt from fluttering off in the breeze. His trousers were of the coarsest and commonest canvas, such as are worn in this country only for the roughest work, and put off when that is done; his hat was the same shapeless old felt which he had worn in the South-sea Islands, but now enriched with a hole, recently excavated, in the crown, which gave it an inexpressibly forlorn appearance. No one who had the least self-respect, or the command of a single shilling, would have worn such a hat; not the poorest tramp on the road, not the raggedest wretch on the Queen's highway, would so much as stoop to pick up such a thing. Not the lowest rag-and-bone man, or the meanest dealer in marine stores, would have offered a farthing for that hat.

His only respectable garment was an old sailor's jacket, worn and shabby, but yet respectable. It had been bestowed upon him by one of the hands when he came aboard with nothing but his flannel shirt.

David Leighan had money in his pocket—all that was left of his share of the Baron's check. Yet he had worn these things so long that he had left off even thinking about them; they were ragged and shabby, but what was he who wore them? Besides, if you come all the way from Australia in obedience to an unfortunate ghost, who gives you no rest until you have consented to come, and all for the sole purpose of making confession and atonement, and giving yourself up to justice as a murderer; and if you expect to meet with the care and attention which are always lavished upon the personal comfort of a criminal in the interval between the day of humiliation and the day of elevation—why waste money on mere outward finery and fashionable display? Add to the tattered and torn garments of this remarkable man—the like of whom had never before been seen in Challacombe—an immense beard, long, not silky, as some beards are, but coarse and stiff, if not stubbly, and of a red hue rather than brown, which covered two feet or so of his chest, and was nearly as broad as his shoulders, and a mass of matted hair which had neither been cut nor combed for a longer time than one likes to think of. Such as this, the new-comer stood at the open door and looked about the room as one who remembers it. But his face was seared, and his eyes seemed as if they saw nothing. Mrs. Exon, at sight of him, spoke up.

"Now, my man," she said, "what do you want? We don't encourage tramps here. You must go as far as Bovey to get a bed to-night."

"I am not a tramp," he replied, hoarsely. "I have got money. See." He pulled out a handful of silver. "Let me come in, and give me a glass of brandy."

He shut the door, and sat down at the lowest end of the table, taking off his hat, and shaking his long hair off his forehead. Six years ago all the men in the room would have risen out of respect to the owner of Berry Down. Now not a soul remembered him.

Mrs. Exon gave him a tumbler with some brandy in it, and set a jug of cold water beside him. She looked at him curiously, being touched, perhaps, with some note of familiarity or recollection at the sight of his face and the sound of his voice. He drank off the brandy neat and set down the tumbler. What was the matter with the man? His eyes were full of trouble, and with a kind of trouble which the good woman had never seen before. Not pain of body or grief, but yet trouble. He dropped his head upon his chest and began to murmur aloud as if no one was in the place but himself.

"Not dead! he is not dead! How can that be? how can that be?" Then he lifted his head again, and gave back the glass to Mrs. Exon. "Bring me more brandy," he said.

The landlady obeyed, and gave him a second tot of brandy in the tumbler, and again indicated the jug of cold water. The man had now begun to tremble in every limb; legs and arms and hands were shaking and trembling. His head shook; his shoulders shook; his lips moved. The guests in the room stared and wondered. Then he fixed his eyes upon the landlady's, and gazed upon her as if she could read in them what ailed him. Bewilderment and amazement, which beat upon his soul, as the old poet said, as a madman beats upon a drum—this was the trouble which caused his eyes to have that terrifying glare and his limbs to

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shake and tremble. Not joy, or even relief, such as might have been expected; these might come later, when the man who for six long years had been pursued by the fury of a murder-stained conscience should realize that he was, after all, no murderer save in intent. David Leighan's mind was naturally very slow to move. He could not at first understand how the whole long torture of conscience, the frightful dreams, the profound and hopeless misery of his exile, could go for nothing; why it had taken him years of suffering and the constant terror of a nightly phantom to persuade himself that the only way to escape the torture of his days and nights was to return to England and confess his crime. This once done, he felt certain that the nightly horror and the daily fearful looking for judgment would disappear, and he would go to the gallows with cheerfulness as a sharp but certain remedy of pangs intolerable. There are instances recorded—I know not with what truth—of murderers who have actually forgotten their crime, and gone about the world with hearts as light as before they did it. David was not one of these superior murderers. He had never for one moment forgotten the white face of his victim, and the staring eyes in which there was no light or life. He saw Death—Death with suddenness and violence—all day long, and dreamed of Death all the night. And now he could not understand that his dreams and his visions, his guilty fears and his contemplated confessions, were all vain imaginations, and might have been neglected. Therefore he sat trembling.

Mrs. Exon watched him, thinking he must have a fit of ague. He drank off the second glass of brandy neat, and set down the glass. Then his head dropped again, and he resumed his muttered broken words, still trembling violently.

"Not dead! he is not dead! How can that be? how can that be?" He lifted his head again. "Give me more brandy. Give me a great tumblerful of brandy."

"The poor man is ill," said Mrs. Exon. "Well, if brandy will stop the shivering—it's a fever, likely, or an ague that he's got—here, my man, drink this." She gave him half a tumblerful, which he poured down.

The third dose had the effect of composing him a little. His legs ceased trembling, though still his hands shook.

"Yes," he said, "I am ill. I was took sudden just now. I am better now. Here's for your brandy, and thank you."

He sat up and took a long breath.

"Where may you have come from?" asked one of the men.

"I've come from Southampton, where I was put ashore. I've come all the way from Australia."

"And where might you be going to next?"

"I'll tell you that, my friend, as soon as I know." Ragged and rough as he looked, he spoke, somehow, as if he belonged to something better than would have been judged by his appearance. "If you had asked me this morning, I should have told you that I was going to Bovey; now I don't know."

Mrs. Exon still looked at him with the curiosity which comes of a half-uneasy recollection.

"Old Dan Leighan, now," he went on; "can any one give me news of him? I mean old Dan; him as had Gratnor first and Foxworthy afterward, and then got Berry Down, being a crafty old fox. Is he alive still? Somebody told me he was dead."

"Surely," replied Mrs. Exon; "he is alive and hearty, except for his legs, poor man."

"Oh, he's alive—alive and hearty? I thought, perhaps—somebody told me—that he died—I forget how—six years ago come October it was. That's what they told me. six years come October."

"He had an accident just about that time—six years ago. Perhaps that is what you are thinking of."

"How the devil," he asked, without taking any notice of this reply, "can a live man have a ghost? How can a live man send his own ghost to travel all round the world? Won't he want his own ghost for himself sometimes?"

"He's got a touch of fever," said the landlady, "and it has gone to his head. You had better go home, my man, and lie down, if you have got a bed anywhere."

"I want to know this," he repeated, earnestly, "did anybody ever hear of a living man sending his ghost out on errands, to keep people awake and threaten things? It can't be; it isn't in nature."

Nobody could explain this fact, which was new to all. Mrs. Exon shook her head as if the questioner, being light-headed, must be treated tenderly, and one of the men remembered a village ghost story, which he began. Unfortunately for the Society of Psychical Research, that story was interrupted at its very commencement by this remarkable stranger.

"How did he do it, then?" he asked, impatiently, banging the table with his fist; "tell me that! How did he do it?" Then he pulled himself together and became natural again. "About his legs, now. What's the matter with Dan Leighan's legs?"

"Why, after his accident they began to fail him, and now he's paralyzed, and never leaves his room, unless he's wheeled out of a fine morning. But hearty in appetite, and as for his head, it is as clear as ever, so they tell me. For my part, Joseph and me never had no doings with Mr. Leighan, and we don't want none."

"What was his accident?"

"He fell from his pony coming home at night. Some say he was in drink; but then he was always a sober man, and I don't believe he was in drink, though perhaps he may have had a fit; because how else could he fall at all, and how should he fall so hard, right upon his head? Mr. George Sidcote it was that found him lying in the road. He was insensible for three days. When he came to, he couldn't remember nor tell anybody how the accident happened; but he said he'd been robbed, though his pocket was full of money, and his watch and chain hadn't been taken. Papers they were, he said, that he was robbed of. But there's many thinks he must have put those papers somewhere, and forgotten because of the knock on his head."

"Oh!"—the stranger rubbed his hands. "I'm better now," he said; "I am much better. Out in Australia I caught a fever, and it gives me a shock now and again. Much better now. So—old Dan Leighan fell from his pony—he had an accident, and fell—from his pony—on his head—and was senseless for three days—and was robbed of papers? Now who could have robbed him of papers? Were they valuable papers?"

"Well, that I cannot say. You've had your brandy, and it's an expensive drink for the likes of you, my man. You'd best pay for it and go. It's a good five mile to Bovey."

"Ay, I'll pay for it and go. He lost papers, and he was insensible for three days, and he can't remember—ho! ho! He can't remember—ho! ho! ho!"

Did you ever see a man in a hysterical fit? It is pretty bad to look at a woman laughing and crying with uncontrolled and uncontrollable passion, but it is far worse to see a man. This strong, ragged man, seized with a hysterical fit, rolled about upon the bench, laughing and crying. Then he stood up to laugh, rolling his shoulders, and crying at the same time, but his laugh was not mirthful, and his crying was a scream, and he staggered as he laughed. Then he steadied himself with one hand on the table; he caught at another man's shoulder with the other hand; and all the time, while the villagers looked on open-mouthed, he laughed and cried, and laughed again, without reason apparent, without restraint, without mirth, without grief, while the tears coursed down his cheeks. Some of the men held him by force; but they could not stop the strong sobbing, or the hiccoughing laugh, or the shaking of his limbs. At last, the fit spent, he lay back on the settle, propped against the corner, exhausted, but outwardly calm and composed again.

"Are you better now?" asked the landlady.

"I've been ill," he said, "and something shook me. Seems as if I've had a kind of a fit, and talked foolish, likely. What did I say? what did I talk about?"

"You were asking after Mr. Leighan. Who are you? What do you want to know about Mr. Leighan? You asked after his health and his accident. And then you had a fit of hysterics. I never saw a man—nor a woman neither—in such hysterics. You'd best go home and get to bed. Where are you going to sleep? Where are you going to?"

"Where's your husband, Mrs. Exon? Where's Joseph?" he asked, unexpectedly.

Mrs. Exon started and gasped. "Joseph's gone to Bovey with the cart. He ought to have been home an hour ago. But who are you?"

"William Shears"—he turned to one of the men—"you don't seem to remember me?"

"Why, no," William replied, with a jump, because it is terrifying to be recognized by a stranger who has fits and talks about live men's ghosts. "No; I can't rightly say I do."

"Grandfather Derges"—he applied to the oldest inhabitant, who is generally found to have just outlived his memory, though if you had asked him a week or two ago he could have told the most wonderful things—"Grandfather Derges, don't you remember me?"

"No, I don't. Seems as if I be old enough to remember everybody. But my memory isn't what it was. No, I don't remember you. Yet I should say, now, as you might belong to these parts, because you seem to know my name."

That did, indeed, seem a logical conclusion. Grandfather Derges therefore had not outlived his reasoning faculties. Why, of course the stranger might belong to these parts. How else could he know Joseph Exon and William Shears and Grandfather Derges?

"I remember you, grandfather, when you used to cane the boys in church."

"Ay, ay," said the old man. "So I did—so I did. Did I ever cane you, master? You must have a wonderful memory, now, to remember that."

"Don't you remember me, William Clampit?" he asked a third man.

"No, I don't," replied William, shortly, as if he did not wish to tax his memory about a man so ragged.

Then they all gazed upon him with the earnestness of Mr. Pickwick's turnkeys taking their prisoner's portrait. Here was a man who knew them all, and none of them knew him. He had come from Lord knows where—he said Australia; he had talked the most wonderful stuff about dead people and live people; he had drunk neat brandy enough to make him drunk; and he had had a fit, such a fit as nobody had ever seen before. Now he was quiet and in his right senses, and he knew everybody in the room, except the strangers from Newton-Abbot.

"I've been away a good many years," he said, "and I've come back pretty well as poor as when I left, and a sight more ragged. I didn't think that a beard and rags would alter me so that nobody should know me. Why, Mrs. Exon, does a man leave the parish every week for Australia that I should be so soon forgotten?"

He did not speak in the least like one of themselves. His manner of speech was not refined, it is true; but there are *nuances*, so to speak, which differentiate the talk of the masters from the talk of the rustics. He spoke like one of the masters. So in France, the *ouvrier* recognizes the *bourgeois* by his speech, disguise him as you may.

"I have come back without anything, except a little money in my pocket. Now, Mrs. Exon, give me some bread and cheese for supper; I've had no dinner. Being ill, you see, and shaken more than a bit, I didn't want my dinner. Then I'll have a pipe, and you shall tell me the news and all that has happened. Perhaps by that time you will find out who I am."

When he had eaten his bread and cheese, he called for more brandy, this time with water, and began to smoke, showing no trace at all of his late fit. He talked about the parish, and showed that he knew everybody in it; he asked who had married, and who were dead; he inquired into the position and prospects of all the farms; he showed the most intimate acquaintance with everybody, and the greatest interest in the affairs of all the families. Yet no one could remember who he was.

About half past nine the door was opened again. This time to admit Harry Rabjahns, the blacksmith, who had been finishing the choir practice with a little conversation, and was now thirsty.

He stepped in—a big strong man, with broad shoulders and a brown beard. His eyes fell upon the stranger.

"Good Lord!" he cried, "it's Mr. David Leighan come back again, and him in rags!"

"So it is—it's Mr. David," cried Mrs. Exon, clapping her hands. "To think that none of us knew him at first sight! And that you should come to my house, of all the houses in the parish, first, and me not to know you!—oh, Mr. David!—me not to know you! and you in this condition! But you'll soon change all that; and I'll make up the bed for you—and your uncle and Miss Mary will be downright glad to see you, Mr. David! To think of my not knowing Mr. David!"

CHAPTER VIII.

A QUIET SUNDAY MORNING.

I SUPPOSE there is no place in the world more quiet than Challacombe on Sunday morning. All the men, all the boys, and all the girls, with some of the wives, are at church; and none but those who have babies are left at home. The very creatures in the meadows seem to know that it is Sunday, and lie restfully in their pastures. The quietest place in the whole parish I take to be Gratnor, because it lies off any of the lanes which lead to Moreton, Widdicombe, or Bovey Tracey. The farm occupies the Ridge, a name which applies to both summit and slopes of a long projecting spur which runs eastward, narrow and steep, between the valley of the Becky and the valley of the Bovey. Standing on Hayne Down, over against the Ridge, one can see how the ground breaks down, with hill after hill, each lower than the other, until the Ridge itself abruptly falls into the lower Combe at Riddy Rock, where the waters meet. First, there is Ease Down; then, Manaton Tor; next, Latchell; and lastly, Nympenhole, or Oddy Tor, with Gratnor Farm beyond these Tors, its fields and meadows showing among the trees like a clearance in some great primeval forest. No path—save the narrow and winding Water Lane, which leads either to the clam across the Bovey, and so to Lustleigh Cleeve, or else to Horsham Steps, and so to Foxworthy and North Bovey—passes near Gratnor. It is quiet enough every day in the week; but then there are the sounds of labor, the ringing of the blacksmith's anvil, the wheels of a cart in the lane, the woodman's axe in the coppice, the voice of the ploughman in the field—all the year round some voice or sound of work; but on Sunday there is nothing except the quiet clucking of the hens and the self-satisfied quomp of the ducks, and the song of the birds from the woods of Latchell and Nympenhole.

I suppose that there was somebody left in the house—otherwise how should the Sunday roast and pudding be ready to time?—but when Mary had laid out the Bible and Prayer-Book for her uncle to read the service of the day, with the weekly paper for him to take after the service, and had adjusted his cushions and left him, there was no sign or sound about the place of human creature. As for locking up houses or shutting doors for fear of thieves, Challacombe was like the realm of England under good King Alfred, when, as we know, gold crowns, and torquils, and bracelets, and the most precious carved horns used to be hung out to ornament the hedges by ostentatious Thanes, and the casual tramp only sighed when he saw them, and, at the worst, sinfully envied their possessor, and wished that he had been born seven hundred years later, when he might have consigned them safely with the nearest fence.

Mr. Leighan read the morning service—Litany, Lessons, Chants, Psalms, Commandments, and the prayer for the Church militant here upon earth—quite through without omitting one single petition. He did this every Sunday as punctiliously as the captain of a Bombay liner. The claims and calls of religious duty satisfied, he lay back in his chair and gently closed his eyes, surrendering his whole mind to the blissful prospect of speedily foreclosing on Sidcote. The end of the year, he knew full well, and had made it all out clear on paper, would make an end of George, and put himself in as owner of that farm as well as all the others. Truly, in the matter of land, he was as insatiable as King Picrochole. So pleasing was the imaginary possession of these acres that he forgot the weekly newspaper, and continued to picture himself as the owner of Sidcote—alas! that he could no longer ride about the fields—until he dropped into a gentle slumber.

It was exactly twelve o'clock when he was suddenly startled by a man's step. He knew the step somehow, but could not at the moment remember to whom it belonged. The man, whoever he was, knew his way about the place, because he came from the back and walked straight, treading heavily, to the room where Mr. Leighan was sitting, and opened the door. It was David coming to call upon his uncle on his return. There was some improvement in his appearance. Joseph Exon had lent him certain garments in place of those he had worn the day before; the canvas trousers, for instance, had gone, and the terrible felt hat with the hole in the crown. His dress was now of a nondescript and incongruous kind, the sailor's jacket ill assorting with the rustic corduroy trousers and waistcoat. He had no collar, and the red handkerchief was gone; his head and hair had been trimmed a bit, and he was washed. Yet in spite of his improved dress he preserved the air of one who belongs to the lower depths. It is quite terrible to observe with what alacrity most men sink. It is as if a lower level was natural for most of us. I saw the other day in a workhouse a man who had been—is still, I suppose—a clergyman of the Church of England. They employed him in attending to the engine fires; he stoked with zeal—no doubt with far greater zeal than he had ever shown in his pastoral duties—and he wore the workhouse uniform as if he liked it and was at home in it. David, who had been a person of consideration and a gentleman, as gentlemen are reckoned at Challacombe, was now at his ease in the garb and appearance of a day-laborer. Had it not been for that spectre which haunted him every night he would have been contented to end his days in Australia as a laborer paid by the job.

He threw open the door and stood confronting the man whom he had last seen dead, as he thought, killed by his own hand. He tried to face him brazenly, but broke down and stood before him with hanging head and guilty eyes.

"So," said Daniel Leighan, "it is David, come back again. We thought you were dead."

"You hoped I was dead: say it out," said David, with ropy voice.

"Dead or alive, it makes no difference to me. Stay: you were in my debt when you went away. Have you come to settle that long-outstanding account?"

David stepped into the room and shut the door behind him.

"You have got something to say to me first," he said, still in a ropy and husky voice. "Have it out now, and get it over. Something you've kept dark, eh?"

"What do you mean?"

"Outside they knew nothing about it. That was well done. No occasion to make a family scandal—and me gone away and all—was there? Come, let us have it out, old man. Who robbed me of my land?"

His words were defiant, but his eyes were uneasy and suspicious.

"Say, rather, who fooled away his inheritance with drink and neglect?"

"Robbed me, I say!"

"If I had not bought your land some one else would. If you've come home in this disposition, David, you had better go away again as soon as you please. Don't waste my time with foolish talk."

"'David's gone,' you said. 'When he comes back, we'll have it out. We won't have a family scandal.' Well, I am back. I thought you were dead."

"I am not dead, as you see."

"Well, go on. Say what you've got to say. I'll sit and listen. Come; I owe you so much. Pay it out, then."

"David," said his uncle, quietly, "drink has evidently driven you off your head. Family scandal? What was there to hide? Good heavens! do you suppose that the whole of your life, with its profligacy and drunkenness, was not known to all the country-side? Why, your history is one long scandal. Things to hide? Why, the whole parish was so ashamed of you that it rejoiced when you went away."

David heard this speech with a kind of stupefaction.

"Nephew David," his uncle went on, "you may be sure that it was not my interest, considering that your land became mine, to hide anything to your discredit. It is a censorious world, but the worst of them can't blame my conduct toward you."

It is indeed a censorious world, but it is remarkable how every man persuades himself that the fishiest of his doings cannot be handled severely even by the most censorious of his fellows. In this matter of David, now, they said very cruel things indeed about Daniel's conduct; and it was not true that the parish rejoiced when David went away. Nor were they ashamed of him. Not at all; they knew him for a good-natured, easy-going young fellow, who gave freely when he had anything to give, drank freely, spent freely, and was only parsimonious in the matter of work; certainly he stinted himself in that particular, which made his uncle's crafty plans the easier to carry through.

"The law protected you, David, and you had the full benefit of law. When you borrowed the money of me, little by little, and when you gave me a mortgage on your land, the law stepped in to prevent any undue advantage. It protected you. What I did was by permission of the law. Your case was decided in a London court. I could not sell you up, and I was ordered to give you a term of six months, in which to pay principal or interest; failing that, I was permitted to foreclose without your having power of redemption. That is the law. You did not pay either interest or principal, and the land became mine. If you have any quarrel it is with the law of this land, not with me." Mr. Leighan made this statement in dry judicial tones which would have done credit to a Judge in Chancery. "And that," he concluded, "is all I have to say to you, David. What are you staring like a stuck pig for?"

"Oh, Lord!" cried David, "is it possible? What does he mean? Come, old man, don't bottle up. You can't do anything to me now, and I might do a great deal for you; I might, if you

didn't bottle up and bear malice. Come—you and me know—let's have it out."

"What do we two know? All I know is that you have been away for six years, that you come back in rags, that you had a fit of some kind last night up at Joseph Exon's, and that you drank brandy and water until you were wellnigh drunk. Have you got any account to give of yourself?"

"Don't bottle up," David said, feebly. "There's nobody here but you and me. I'll own up. And then I can help you as nobody else can—if you don't bottle up. If you do—but why should you? What's the good? There's nobody here but you and me. What the devil is the good of pretending that there's nothing? Did you ever forgive anybody in your life? Do you think I believe you are going to forgive me—you of all men in the world?"

"Lord knows what this man means! David," he said, impatiently, "leave off this nonsense about hiding and pretending and inferring. One would think you had been murdering somebody."

David sat down, staring with the blankest astonishment. He had by this time succeeded in impressing upon his brain the fixed conviction that his uncle kept his murderous assault a secret out of regard for the family name, and he came prepared to be submissive, to express contrition, and to offer, in return for the secret being still kept, to give back to his uncle the long-lost box full of papers. And now, this conviction destroyed, he knew not what to think or what to say.

The one thing which would have appeared to him the most impossible had happened—that is, in fact, the thing which always does happen. Nothing is really certain except the impossible. As for what is only unexpected—which the French proverb says is certain—that naturally happens every day, and we only notice it when it is something disagreeable. For instance: There is a boy in a quiet country town, quite an unknown and obscure boy, born to be at best a small solicitor or a general practitioner in his native place. Behold! after a few years this humble boy has become a popular novelist, a leader at the bar, a great medical specialist, the best actor in the world, the best poet, the best dramatist of his time, or, it may be, the most accomplished villain, impostor, cheat, and ruffian. These are impossible things, and they are always happening. Happily the impossible generally comes by degrees, which is merciful, because else we should all lose our reason in contemplation of the coming impossibilities. Ghosts are among the things impossible, which is at once the strongest argument for their existence, and the reason why their sudden appearance always produces staggers. No ghost in the world or out of it could have caused David Leighan such astonishment as the conduct of his uncle.

"It can't be!" he said—"it can't be! Uncle, you are playing some deep game with me; though what game, seeing how useful I can be to you if I like, I can't understand. You are like a cat with a mouse. You are old, but you are foxy; you've got a game of your own to play, and you think you'll play that game low down. Come," he made one more effort to ascertain if the impossible really had happened—"come. It's like a game of bluff, ain't it? But let's drop it, and play with the cards on the table. See, now, here's my hand—I heard last night that you were alive and hearty, though I had every reason to think you were dead. I was quite sure you were dead—I *knew* you were dead. You know why I knew. Every night I was assured by yourself that you were dead. Come, now! Well, when I heard that you were alive and hearty, I said to myself, 'To-morrow I'll go and have it out with him when all the people are at church and there's nobody to listen'; because they told me you could not remember—you know what."

"Couldn't remember? I'd have you to know, sir, that my memory is as good as ever it was. Couldn't remember?"

"Oh!" said David, "then you do remember everything?"

"Of course I do."

"Then, uncle, have it out."

"What the devil do you mean?"

"Let us talk open. I've never forgotten it. I have said to myself over and over again, 'I'm sorry I done it.' I wished I hadn't done it, especially at night when your ghost came; who ever heard of a live man's ghost?"

"The man's stark, staring mad!" cried Daniel.

"Come, now. Either say, 'David, I forgive you, because there was not much harm done after all; I forgive you if you'll help me in the way that only you can help me'; or else say, 'David, I'll bear malice all the days of my life.' Then we shall know where we are."

"I don't understand one word you say. Stay!" A thought suddenly struck him. "Stay! The last time I set eyes on you it was on the morning that you left Challacombe, and on the same day that I met with my accident. The last time I set eyes on you was in this room. You cursed and swore at me. You went on your knees, and prayed the Lord in a most disrespectful manner to revenge you, as you put it. Do you wish me to forgive those idle words? Man alive! you might as well ask me to forgive the last night's thunder. Reproach yourself as much as you please—I'm glad you've got such a tender conscience—but don't think I am going out of my way to bear malice because you got into a temper six years ago!"

"Then you *do* remember, uncle," he said, with a sigh of infinite satisfaction. The Impossible had really happened.

"Well, I thought you would remember, and bear malice. It was the last you saw of me, you see—and the last I saw of you."

"Yes, it was the last I saw of you."

David laughed, not the hysterical laugh of last night, but a low laugh of sweet satisfaction and secret enjoyment.

"Well, uncle, since you don't bear malice—Lord! I thought you'd be flying in my face—there's no harm done, is there? And now we can be friends again, I suppose? And if it comes to foxiness, perhaps it will be my turn to play fox."

"Play away, David—play away."

"I've come home, you see"—David planted his feet more firmly and leaned forward, one hand on each knee—"I've come home."

"In rags."

"In poverty and rags. I've got nothing but two or three pounds. When they are gone, perhaps before, I shall want more money. The world is everywhere full of rogues—quite full of rogues—besides land thieves like yourself, and there isn't enough work to go round. Mostly they live like you, by plundering and robbing."

"Find work, then. In this country if you don't work you won't get any money. Do you think you are the more likely to get money out of me by calling names?"

"Well, you see, uncle, I think I shall find a way to get some money out of you."

"Not one penny—not one penny, David, will you get." There was a world of determination in Mr. Leighan when it came to refusing money.

"It's natural that you should say so, to begin with." His manner had now quite changed. He began by being confused, hesitating, and shamefaced; he was now assured, and even braggart. "I expected as much. You would rather see your nephew starve than give him a penny. You've robbed him of his land; you've driven him out of his house; and when he comes back in rags, you tell him he may go and starve."

"Words don't hurt, David," his uncle replied, quietly. "I am too old to be moved by any words. Now if you have nothing more to say, go."

David sat doggedly. He had always been dogged and obstinate. His uncle looked at him curiously, as if studying his character.

"David," he said, presently, "you were a bad boy at school, where they ought to have flogged it out of you. You were a bad son to your father, who ought to have cut you off with a shilling. You were a bad farmer when you got your farm: you were a drunkard, a betting man, and a sporting man. If I hadn't taken your land, a stranger would have had it. Now it's kept in the family. Years ago I thought to give you a lesson, and if you reformed, to give it back to you in my will. I now perceive that you are one of those who never reform. I have left it—elsewhere."

"Go on," said David; "I like to hear you talk."

"The old house at Berry—your old house—is turned into two cottages. One of those cottages is empty. If you mean to stay in the parish, you can live in it if you like, rent free, for a time—that is, until you get into work again or I find a tenant. If you choose to earn money, you can; there are always jobs to be done by a handy man. If you will not work, you must starve. Now that is all I will do for you. When you are tired of Challacombe, you can go away again. That is my last word, nephew." He turned away, and began to busy himself again among his papers.

"After the accident and the loss of those papers you were senseless for three days. And after that you got paralysis. Why, what was all this but a judgment on you for your conduct to your own flesh and blood?"

"Rubbish!"

David said no more. Those best acquainted with him would have understood from the expression of his face that his mind was laboriously grappling with a subject not yet clear to him. He was, in fact, just beginning to be aware of a very foxy game which he might play with his uncle, though as yet he only dimly saw the rules of that game. It was a new game too, quite one of his own invention, and one which would at the same time greatly please and stimulate his uncle, whom he meant to be his adversary. He said nothing more, but he sat doggedly and tried to work out the rules of that game.

Presently Mary came home from church, and with her George Sidcote and Will. They found David sitting with his uncle, but the old man was reading the paper, and David was sitting silent, thinking slowly.

"Mary," said David, "you don't remember me, I suppose?"

"You are my cousin David. Of course I remember you, David, though you are altered a good deal." She gave him her hand. "All the people are talking about your return."

Then George and Will shook hands with him cheerfully and brotherly.

"Why, David," said George, "we must rig you out a little better than this. Come home with Will and me."

David turned sullenly to his uncle.

"I've got one thing more to say. All of you may hear what that is. He offers me a laborer's cottage to live in, and a laborer's work to do, and a laborer's wage for pay, on my own lands—my own that he stole, this old man here, sitting struck by a judgment in his chair. The next time I come here—you may all take notice and bear witness—the question may not be how little I may be offered, but how much I shall take."

So far had he got in his understanding of the game that was to be played.

"How much," he repeated, with a chuckle—"how much I shall take."

"Dear me!" said his uncle. "This is very interesting. And how are you, Will? when did you come down? and how is your writing business? Take David away, George; I am afraid you'll find him very tedious—very tedious indeed."

CHAPTER IX.

AT SIDCOTE.

We took David away with us; but the old man was right: he was insufferably tedious. To begin with, his mind seemed absorbed; he answered our questions shortly, and showed no curiosity or interest in us, and pretended no pleasure at seeing us again; he was lumpish and moody. In fact, though at the time one could not know, he was laboriously arranging in his mind the revenge which he was about to take upon his uncle; and he was one of those men who can think of more than one thing at a time.

"Mother," said George, "I've brought David Leighan to dinner. He came home last night."

The old lady gave him her hand, without the least appearance of surprise that David had returned in so tattered a condition. To be sure, Joseph Exon's kindly offices had made a difference, yet he looked rough and ragged still; his wanderings had clearly ended in failure.

"You are welcome, David," she said. "You will tell us after dinner some of your adventures. I hope you are come to settle again among your own people."

"My own people," he said, "have been so kind that I am likely to settle among them."

"I will take David upstairs, mother," said George, "for a few moments; then we shall be ready."

Everything at Sidcote looked as if it had always been exactly the same, and had never changed. In winter, with the snow lying on the Tors and the lanes knee-deep in mud, Sidcote looked as if it was always winter. In the summer, with the old, old garden ablaze with flowers, and the green apples turning red or yellow on the old branches, it seemed as if it must be always summer. In the parlor, where Mrs. Sidcote sat, the Bible before her, it seemed as if the dear old lady must have been always old and silver-haired, certainly she must always have been gentle and gracious. A farmer's daughter, a farmer's wife, and a farmer's mother—can such be a gentlewoman? It is borne in upon me, my brothers, more and more, and the longer I live, that gentleness doth not consist in gentle blood. Some noble lords there are of whom one has heard—but the thing may be false—that they are mere ruffians, devourers, and tramplers upon virtue and fair honor; some noble ladies, it is whispered—but, indeed, I know them not—are mere seekers of pleasure, selfish, frivolous, and heartless. Whereas certainly in all ranks of life there are those who naturally follow the things which make for unselfishness, sweetness, sacrifice, and well-doing. Mrs. Sidcote was one of these. A little pleasant-voiced and pleasant-looking dame—now sixty years old or thereabouts, who will, I make no manner of doubt, live to be ninety-five at least.

The window of her room looks upon the garden, which is, as I have said, ancient, and full of old trees and old-fashioned flowers, set and planted in antique fashion. The house is old too—built of stone, with low rooms—two-storied, and thatched. Between the house and the road is the farm-yard, so that one cannot get to the garden gate without taking observation of George's pigs and poultry.

When they came down-stairs, David presented a little more of his old appearance. There remained a certain slouching manner which suggested the tramp, and the sidelong look, half of suspicion, half of design, which is also common to the tramp; but as yet we knew nothing of his past life and adventures. George had fitted him with a clean shirt and collar—it is only at such times that one recognizes the great civilizing influence of the white collar, a necktie, socks—actually he had not worn socks, he casually told George, for five years—a pair of boots somewhat too large for him, because George's size of boots was proportionate to his length of limb, and a pocket-handkerchief. The pocket-handkerchief is even a greater civilizing influence than the collar. It is not in sight, and yet if one has a pocket-handkerchief one must necessarily—one cannot choose but to—live up to it. But a change of clothes does not immediately produce a change of manner; it takes time for the collar and the handkerchief to work. David looked moody and resentful.

When he was dressed he sat down to dinner.

Then it was that we made a very painful discovery. Our friend, we found, had entirely forgotten the simplest rules of manners, the very simplest. It was clear that he must have gone down very low indeed in the social scale in order to get at those habits which he now exhibited. Were they acquired in the Pacific, or in Australia, or in America, where, as we afterward learned, David had spent his years of exile? I think in none of these places, because, though there are plenty of unsuccessful Englishmen everywhere, it is not reported that they make haste to throw off the manners of decent folk. He lost his manners because he had lost his self-respect, which is a very different thing from losing your money. Let us refrain from details, and observe only in general terms that he helped himself to food with fingers as well as with fork. After all, fingers came before forks, which is the reason why forks have four prongs. It shall suffice to mention that, the principal dish being a pair of roast fowls, he munched the bones and threw them on the floor; that he helped himself, with a wolfish haste, as if there was not enough to go round, and every man must grab what he could; and, like a savage or a wild beast, he looked about him jealously while he was eating, as if some one might snatch his food from him. During the operation of taking his food he said nothing, nor did he reply if he was addressed; and he ate enough for six men, and he drank as if he would never get tired of George's cider, which is an excellent beverage, but deceptive if you are so ill-advised as to think it has no strength.

The old lady began to question him; but David either did not hear, being wholly engrossed with his feeding, or else was too sulky and bearish to reply. Therefore she ceased to try; and we all sat looking on with pallid cheeks and ruined appetites, pretending not to notice that our guest had become a savage. Can one ever forget the way in which that delicate currant and raspberry pie—in London they call it "tart"—was, with its accompaniment of cream, dainty, rural, and poetical, mercilessly wolfed by this greedy Orson? As soon as possible, Mrs. Sidcote, who usually sat and talked awhile after dinner, withdrew, and left us to battle with our guest.

After dinner, George produced a bottle of port.

"There is not much left," he said, with a sigh. "My father's cellar is nearly finished, but it will last my time. We will drink the last bottle together, Will, on my last day in Sidcote."

At all events, we drank very little of that bottle, for David clutched the decanter, poured out a tumblerful, drank it off, and then another tumbler. Now two tumblerfuls of port, after a quart or so of cider, is a good allowance for any man. When David had taken his second tumbler he made as if he would say something. Perhaps he had it in his mind to say something gracious, for his lips moved, but no voice was heard. Then he got up and reeled to the sofa, on which he threw himself like a log, and was asleep in a moment. He was like an animal filled with food, who must sleep it off. It was remarkable that he lay in the attitude most affected by the sleeping tramp—namely, on his face. You will generally find the tramp who rests by the way-side sleeping with his face on his arms. Perhaps because this position affords more rest in a short time than any other; perhaps because it saves the shoulders from the hardness of the ground. David therefore lay in this attitude, and breathed heavily.

"We have not had much of the bottle, have we, old man?" said George. "Never mind; let us go into the garden and have a pipe in the shade."

We took chairs with us, and sat in the old-fashioned garden of Sidcote, under a gnarled and ancient apple-tree.

"Our David," I said, "was always inclined to be loutish. He has been developing and cultivating that gift for six years—with a pleasing result."

"There is something on his mind," said George. "Perhaps he will tell us what it is; perhaps not. David was never particularly open about himself. Strange that he should begin by looking for his uncle's grave! Why did he think that he was dead?"

"He believed what he hoped, no doubt."

"In the evening, Harry Rabjahns tells me, he had a kind of fit—a hysterical fit of laughing and crying—in the inn."

"That was perhaps because he had learned that his uncle was still alive." This was indeed the case, though not in the sense I intended.

"And this morning, the first day of his return, he begins with a row with his uncle. Well, there is going to be mischief at Gratnor."

"Why, what mischief can there be?"

"I don't know. David went away cursing his uncle. After six years he comes back cursing him again. When a man broods over a wrong for six years, mischief does generally follow. First of all, the old man will do nothing for him. Do you understand that? There was a solid obstinacy in his eyes while he listened to David. Nothing is to be got out of him. What will David do?"

"He will go away again, I suppose, unless he takes farm-work."

"David is as obstinate as his uncle. And he is not altogether a fool, although he did take to drink and ruined himself. And there will be mischief."

"George, old man, I return to my old thought. If you and Mary marry without old Dan's consent, her fortune goes to David. Does David know?"

"I should think not."

"To which of the two would the old man prefer to hand over that money?"

"To Mary, certainly."

"So I think. Then don't you see that some good may come out of the business after all?"

"It may come, but too late to save Sidcote. He means to have Sidcote. My days here are numbered. Well, it is a pity after five hundred years"—he looked around at the inheritance about to pass away from him—only a farm of three hundred acres, but his father's and his great-great-grandfather's—and he was silent for a moment. "As for work, what would I grudge if I could keep the old place! But I know that over at Gratnor there sits, watching and waiting his chance, the man who means to have my land, and will have it before the end of the year."

"Patience, George. Anything may happen."

"He is a crafty and a dangerous man, Will. We can say here what we cannot say in Mary's presence. He is more crafty and more dangerous now that he is paralyzed and cannot get about among his fields than he was in the old days. He cannot get at me by the same arts as he employed for David. He cannot persuade me to drink, and to sign agreements and borrow money when I am drunk. But the bad times have done for me what drink did for David."

So we talked away the afternoon in a rather gloomy spirit. Life is no more free from sharks in the country than in the town; there are in Arcadia, as well as in London, vultures, beasts, and birds of prey, who sit and watch their chance to rend the helpless.

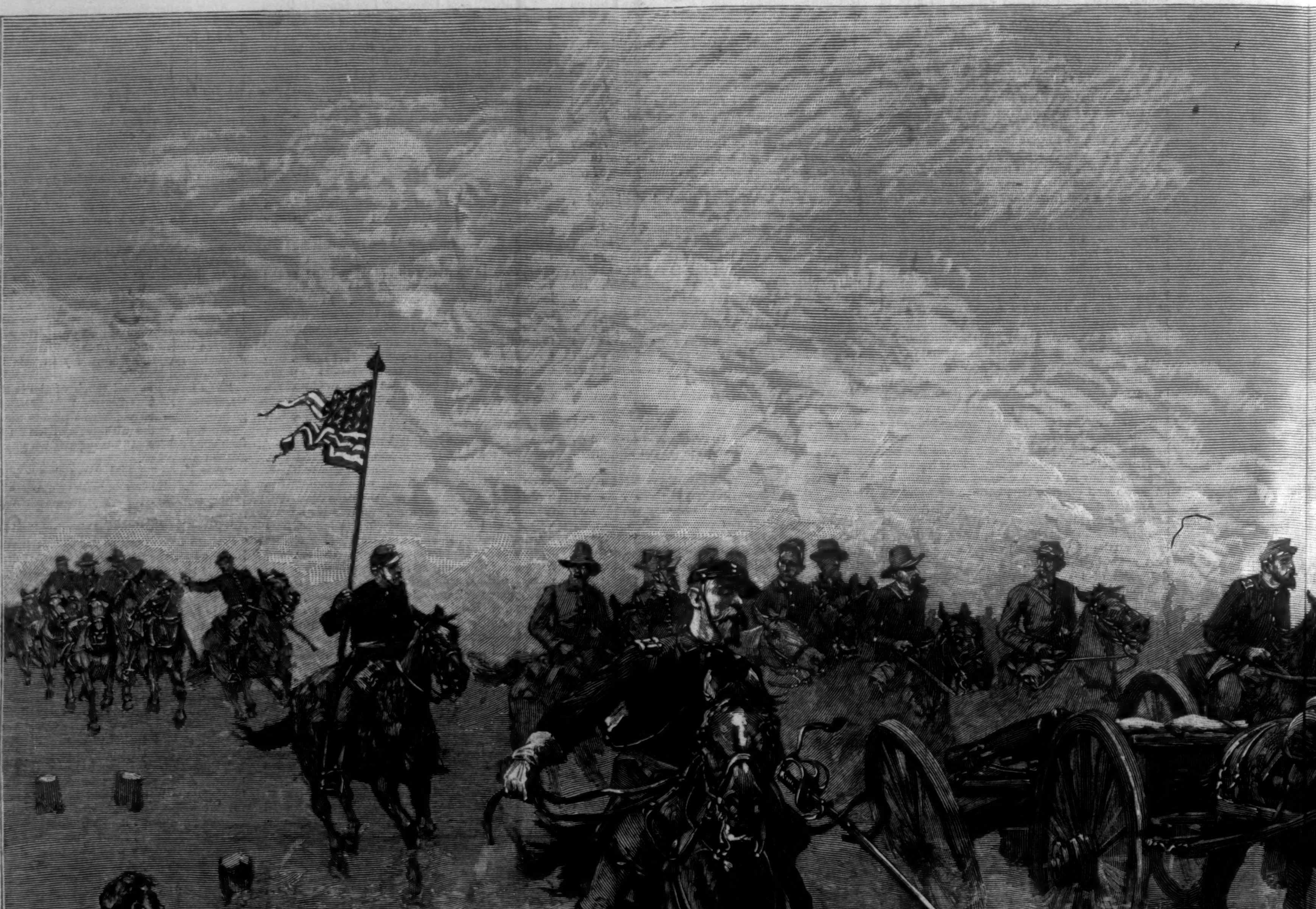
"And so," he said, summing up, "I shall have to part with the old family place, and begin in the world again; go out as David went out, and return, perhaps, as he returned."

"No, George; some things are possible, but not probable. That you should come back as David has come back is not possible."

At that moment the man of whom we spoke came slowly out of the house, rubbing his eyes.

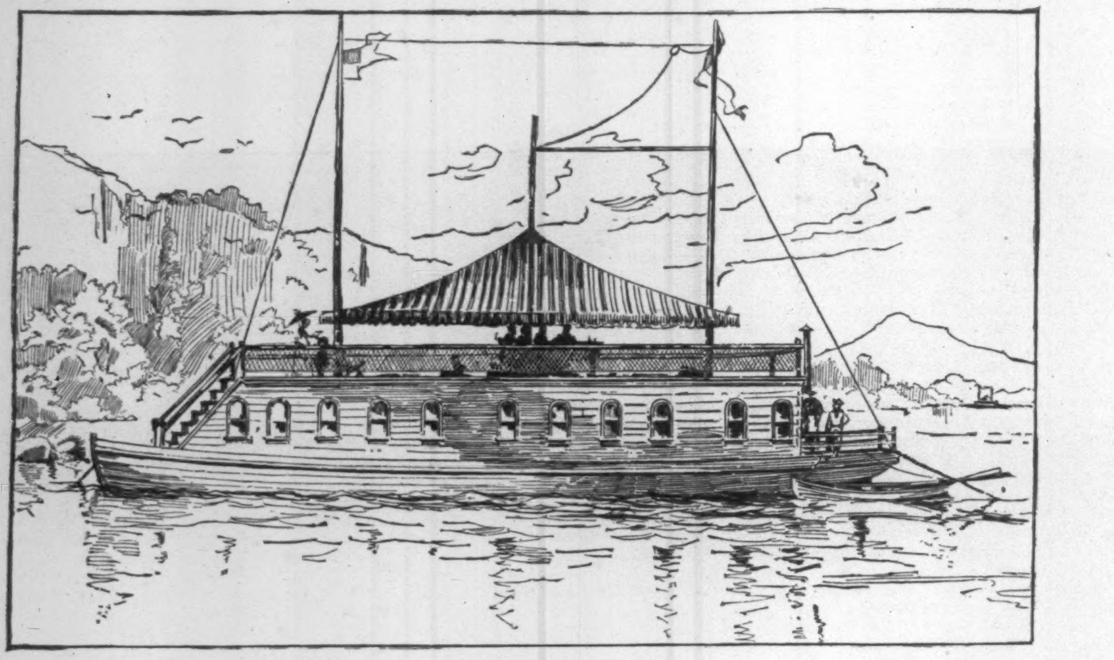
"When you are among the blacks," he said, "you never get enough to eat. And as for their drink, especially the stuff they call orora, it is enough to make a dog sick."

[*Continued on page 373, Supplement.*]



HORSE ARTILLERY GOING INTO ACTION.—From

M THE WATER-COLOR BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 367.]



THE "UTOPIA."

THE "FACE-SMILE" OF A YACHT.

"Well, I am sure I don't exactly see what we have to suit you," said Mr. Noe, meditatively, "unless you might like to try one of our new house-boats."

"One of your what?" exclaimed my wife, in astonishment.

"One of our house-boats," returned Mr. Noe, coolly. "Here is a prospectus—rather a neat thing—which will explain for itself;" and handing us the attractive little sheet given below, he put his hands in his pockets and listened with pride as Tottie read as follows:

"PATENT AMERICAN VENICE.

"A chance at last for people with artistic tastes and limited means. We now offer on reasonable terms six new house-boats, built after the most approved English models, and decorated in the latest style of architectural elegance. These desirable residences, combining the benefits of a sea-side resort with the comforts of a city home, contain all the modern improvements, even to a telephone connection, and a co-operative waterman, under the superintendence of the company's agent. Situated as they are on the beautiful Hudson River, remote from the heat and noise of the city, yet within three minutes' walk from the elevated railroad, they offer an unprecedented opportunity for business men who are compelled to remain within city limits during the summer, and who do not wish to incur the expense of a suburban home. For details apply to Mr. David Noe, agent of the House-boat Company (limited)."

"It's new here, but quite an old affair in England," went on Mr. Noe, fluently. "We have rented every one but the *Utopia*, which is smaller than the rest, but large enough for you, since you only need three bedrooms."

"And the rent?" That was my wife, practical as ever.

"The rent?" and Mr. Noe screwed up his eyes. "Let me see; as for that, you can have the *Utopia* for thirty-five dollars a month, if you lease it from May to November. The regular price is forty dollars; but it is nearly June now, and as this is the first season, we want to dispose of them all, you know."

"Well," said I, trying not to seem too outrageously exultant, "that certainly sounds reasonable." Then, to Tottie, "Shall we look at it, my dear?"

Tottie, on her side, trying to do the grand and indifferent: "Perhaps we might as well. Of course" (to Mr. Noe) "you have a desirable class of tenants?"

"Certainly—'way up," he returned, with pride. "There are three editors and two popular novelists; and though literary people ain't what you might call the reg'lar *creme de la creme*, they are a very nice set of fellows, for all that, and pay their bills reg'lar—which is more than I can say for a swell fellow that took one of the boats, and tried to make a moonlight flitting; only it didn't work, because they ain't constructed to sail, and the neighbors caught on and sent for me. Rum go! wasn't it?"

"I should certainly think so," said Tottie, sweetly, while she slyly pinched my arm, for I am an editor, and we found this view of my degraded class very refreshing.

At Two-hundred-and-eighty-ninth Street we left the cars, and walked rapidly to the dock, which was a handsome iron pier, with a small covered landing sloping gently down to the river. A smart Irishman, introduced as Jim, the co-operative waterman, rowed us across to the *Utopia*, broadly smiling as Tottie burst into a shriek of "How lovely!" when we stepped on the snow-white deck, and viewed with delighted surprise the charming appearance presented by this little fleet of yachts lying at anchor in the rippling stream.

"Now," said Mr. Noe, "I will proceed to business, as I am a little hurried this morning. The *Utopia* is a first-class, A No. 1. She has a depth of six feet under water, where the cellars and store-rooms are, you know. From the level of the water to the level of the deck is four feet, and from the level of the deck to the top of the cabin roof is eight feet, giving you altogether a height of twelve feet to your rooms, you understand. Without destroying the general effect, as you can see, the *Utopia* is outwardly the exact face-smile of a yacht—"

"The exact— I beg your pardon," said Tottie, innocently; "but what kind of a yacht did you say?"

"I didn't say she was any kind of a yacht," retorted Mr. Noe, testily. "I said she was the face-smile of one outside, and had the comforts of a flat inside."

"Ah! I see," returned that arch hypocrite, blandly, nudging me viciously, and whispering, "Evidently fac-simile," while she turned to receive further explanation from Mr. Noe, who had produced a dog's-eared note-book, and was intoning at lightning speed an overwhelming array of facts, as thus:

"'The *Utopia* is eighty feet long, with a breadth of twenty-five feet. Finished in natural wood, has two chimneys, and is lighted by gasoline supplied from a tank.'" Then flinging open a cabin door, and disclosing brass-bound steps leading down to the anteroom: "'On the right hand, in the bow, are two large bedrooms, with doors leading into the bath-room. You will notice the beds are built in, and have drawers underneath to save room. On the left is the parlor, 14 by 16, with broad window-seats, ready for cushions. The charming room, with glass doors for all the cupboards, is the dining-room, and then comes the kitchen. Stepping out of that to the deck again, we find ourselves in the stern, with the servants' room on one side and the store closet on the other, quite complete.' And now," he said, looking at his watch, "I should like your decision this morning, if possible, as there is another party after the *Utopia*, whom I am to meet in half an hour. How do you think it would suit you?"

"Suit!" exclaimed Tottie, ecstatically; "to perfection. Oh, Frank, think how charming it will be! And do, do, *do* say yes!"

To understand this ardor you must know that Tottie and I are Bohemians by nature. Fate has seen fit to plant us, willy-nilly, in a most frigid and exclusive set of relatives and friends, who decreed that we should spend the first year of our married life in a small stuffy flat on Murray Hill. There we paid three times the rent of a comfortable suburban cottage, and trenched behind a light earthwork of wedding presents, divided the time between skirmishes with the janitor and monotonous dips into the social stream. Tired of the social stream and its dreary dead level, and being an ill-regulated and opinionated young couple, we had decided that the game was not worth the candle. We had run up the black flag of fancy, and sworn to free ourselves or die. And where such a likely craft for our mad career as the *Utopia?* And what could present such unlimited opportunities for doing something different from other people as a house-boat? Is it wonderful that, as Mr. Noe drew a lease from his pocket and proceeded to fill it in, using the cabin roof as a desk, Tottie and I danced a war-dance in the kitchen, and, if you must know, kissed each other behind the pantry door?

The manner in which our doting relatives received the news of our latest dark deed was characteristic. But their disapproval took such an intense form that it will be well to follow the example of certain novelists and "draw a veil over the past" with all possible expedition, holding it tightly till we find ourselves again on the *Utopia*, in a chaos of boxes, with cook, in a state of subdued mutiny, unpacking and smashing dishes in the kitchen. This woman was an heirloom, so to speak, handed down from an aunt, and a sort of concentrated extract of the family disapproval in the bargain. She had lived with us the entire year of our married life, and found us so tractable that, her wages and privileges being nearly doubled, she had consented to share our retreat. But she frankly informed us that she never heard before of nice people living in a canal-boat, just like bargemen. Her haughty lip was in a chronic curl; and as we flew over the *Utopia*, uttering cries of joy at each new attraction in the shape of a "sweet cupboard," "cute window," or what not, she maintained a crushing silence that was actually disheartening.

The Fergusons, Tom and Emily, who had insisted on sharing our house-boat experiment, were our dearest friends, for three reasons: first, we were married on the same day; second, we had many tastes in common; third, my revered aunt Maria opposed the friendship, and prophesied its dissolution after two months of the house-boat experiment. Now to prove Aunt Maria wrong, we would have set up house-keeping with Cetywayo; while as for the business side of this scheme, as Tom said in the frankest way, it would be best to keep business and friendship separate. Nothing could be more simple than to calculate the cost of two extra members in the establishment. Tottie would manage affairs entirely. On the first of each month Tom would hand in his share of the expenses, and he concluded, laughing, "Emmie and I will take what we are given, and say thank you."

Meantime it is hard to say how we should have borne up under Jane's developments without the Fergusons. They laughed at her airs, ignored her sulks, and supplied her place in various ways, for our first two weeks on the *Utopia* were marked by a sudden and awful mortality among Jane's relatives. No less than eight funerals claimed her attention during this period, when we had hoped for her assistance, and it was not till the last curtain was hung, and all the carpets down—thanks to a cleaning woman resigned to house-boat life (having, as she expressed it, done for all the other tenants)—that Jane was able to resume her place among us without danger of these harrowing visitations.

Still, when Tom and I, in knickerbockers and Tam o' Shanters, took our ease under the brilliant deck awnings, where Tottie had provided steamer chairs, small tables, magazines, iced lemonade, etc., we agreed there were compensations in the charm of our surroundings and the solid comforts we enjoyed. We found, besides, much entertainment in our nautical vernacular, compiled from Captains Marryat and Reese, of the *Mantelpiece;* for of course we put the entire household on a sea-going basis, and soon talked knowingly of going fore and aft, turning in, going below, belaying, reefing, clewing, although, alas! our two noble, shining masts could sport no canvas except on Monday, when, I grant you, the family wash made a noble show throughout the Patent Venice. For that matter, perhaps a Patent American Venice should be exclusively one's own patent; or there should be restrictive clauses excluding young women who sing with no voice at all, and babies with voices of immense volume, and the perpetual ring-cling of bells announcing visitors or summoning the co-operative waterman. On our own boat, over the bow, hung a placard lettered with the notice that "nobody must speak to the man at the wheel, and the man at the wheel must speak to nobody," behind which Tom retired to write his ferocious political exterminators, and I my society leaders and those well-known letters from a certain German spa, done in my usual brilliant style by the help of German newspapers—over the bow, for the kitchen occupied the stern; and there each evening sat that dear Jane, rocking and singing in a minor key,

"They stole, they stole, they *stole* my child away,"

in a subdued, respectful, nothing-to-complain-of way. It was her one song, and she could no more be persuaded to part with it than could a bobolink. When we timidly remonstrated she gave warning at once, saying that if we were not fond of music it would be better for all parties that she should go, as when she was on the water she never could help singing. In short, she respectfully flattened us out and stamped on us, as she always did. And after all, why take exceptions to Jane, who was but one in that mighty chorus of voiceless beings impelled by the diabolical influence lurking in all large bodies of water to burst into song? Everybody sang—everybody in the squadron. Our guests carolled, Jane wailed, babies howled, Tom and Emmie might as well have lived in an opera, and I verily believe that within a radius of a mile Tottie and I were the only human beings that simply listened.

As for Tom, he was never silent except when he was asleep, or when it was his turn at the wheel. Then, I grant you, he insisted on breathless silence, though he always persisted in playing the banjo when I was chasing the "evasive idea," so that as I hesitated over a sparkling paragraph, or paused to choose between two fresh lies for my "German Court Gossip," I was sure to be assisted by a hearty barytone voice, only thirty feet away, roaring

"Oh! I am the cook, and the captain too,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and the midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig,"

etc., etc., through twenty-nine verses running. Each verse ending with female shrieks of "Oh, Tom! Oh, you funny fellow!"

There you have it. Tom was funny; he told newspaper jokes; he sang; he danced. As Tottie said, it only needed a transparency of The Fat Woman and The Living Skeleton to make the *Utopia* the ideal Dime Museum, so continuous were his performances.

Our friends fell away, some of them frankly saying that Mr. Ferguson's humor was too wearing. Tom's friends, on the contrary, rallied around him like the frogs in Egypt; they came in flocks, in shoals, in schools, in swarms. They were always with us—two or three at lunch, three or four at dinner, half a dozen dropping in for the evening, when Tom with frank hospitality would order up an extra supper. Some adventurous spirits even fell into a habit of rowing over for breakfast. We found ourselves running a summer hotel, and decidedly in the background, as unpopular hotel-keepers not in sympathy with that delightful Mr. Ferguson. The foreground was occupied by our bills, which were simply enormous. And when I spoke to Tom on the subject, for once he was anything but funny.

"He did not wish," he said, "to hurt my feelings, but the discrepancy between the estimated and the actual expenses was due entirely to Tottie's extravagance. He and his wife had spoken of it with regret, but he could hardly be expected to make up the difference out of his own pocket. As for his *few* friends, it was simply absurd to hold them responsible. Every good house-keeper knew that in making provision for four, the inevitable waste would supply a meal for six."

Poor Tottie! first she cried, and then she breathed out softly, "Aunt Maria!" And the bare thought of that grim, triumphant phantom closed our mouths, and matters went on as before till it rained, as it sometimes does in August, steadily, heavily, relentlessly, from the first to the seventh.

On the second morning Ferguson and I waited, shivering on the dripping deck, half an hour, ringing the bell for Jim, the co-operative waterman, who was conspicuous by his absence. Through the pelting rain we could see five other unfortunates stamping on their wet decks and ringing their bells also; but still no Jim, and no way of reaching the dock except by swimming; then Tom bethought himself of the telephone, and with shouts of "Hello! hello! Central!" made a pleasing refrain to the sharp ting-ling of the six bells of the six exasperated gentlemen of artistic temperaments and limited means who wanted to see their co-operative waterman on pressing business. Another half-hour—Tom hoarse from shouting, my arm paralyzed from jerking the bell—when Jim, clad in oil-skins, walked leisurely down the dock, stepped into his boat, and with much deliberation rowed off toward No. 1. I noticed as Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 got into the wherry, they gesticulated violently at Jim, whose back looked nobly impassive. Tom and I took our seats in haughty silence, raised our umbrellas, and stared at the dripping landscape.

"You don't ask me why I wasn't here earlier, Mr. Ferguson, sir," said Jim, with an impudent wink.

"No," answered Tom, coldly; "I shall make my complaint to Mr. Noe."

"Faix, an' there'll be a procession of yez, thin. Maybe ye'll be afther a-havin' of me discharged?" inquired Jim.

"Maybe I will," replied Tom.

"Well, thanks to the powers! I got me pay yisterday," cried Jim, landing us at the dock; "and it's more than I expected from a lot of fellers as has to camp out in canal-boats."

In majestic silence we seven artistic gentlemen marched up the glistening dock, and made our way to Mr. Noe's office like one man; in silence, however, for a mutual distrust pervaded the Patent American Venice. Tom and I always classed the other tenants as those common fellows, our respective wives looked cold criticism at each other, and none of us ever dreamed of speaking.

Mr. Noe received us blandly, and promised everything. The telephone company received us blandly, and promised everything, showing how easily a little energy could oil the wheels of life. The rain continued. In the afternoon, when Tom and I met on the dock, everything was afloat except Jim or the substitute. The telephone refused to work, and apparently we had the option of bailing out the wherry and paddling ourselves across, or of remaining on the dock all night. At this juncture our five fellow-sufferers arrived in a body, filling the air with anathemas of Jim, Mr. Noe, the telephone company, and the weather. And as still no waterman appeared, it was quickly arranged to land No. 1 first, and so on in rotation, the boat to be left at the *Utopia*. If no relief from shore had arrived, Tom and I were to start at eight o'clock in the morning and convey the captive band ashore. So far so good, and though dripping and oozing from every pore, we arrived at the *Utopia* in tolerable spirits. Tottie and Emmie met us, done up in gossamers and rubber boots, and conveyed us below with meaning faces.

There we found the furniture upside down, the carpets rolled into corners, the dining-table set out under a hastily rigged tent of umbrellas and sheets, and Jane, in the midst of the confusion, wearing India-rubber boots and water-proof, and stalking about among the puddles like the Tragic

Muse. One stream of water was pouring into the parlor, and another into the dining-room; in fact, it was leaking everywhere except in the bedrooms and kitchen, where probably the deck awnings prevented it, and Tottie informed me in a whisper that Jane was to go as soon as she could be rowed across. The telephone had refused to work; nobody had been able to get ashore; there was no marketing, and dinner consisted of canned soup, hot biscuits, cheese, sardines, frizzled beef, boiled eggs, and crullers. Worse than all, though Tottie, who had improvised the tent, rescued the furniture, and struggled with mutinous Jane, showed a bright and sparkling face, determined to make the best of the situation, "convulsing Mr. Ferguson" and his wife shivered, scolded, and sulked all the evening, and retired with an air of washing their hands of us and our folly. That added the final touch of discomfort as we huddled together on the sofa, wrapped in a plaid, and sheltered under an umbrella, enjoying "the comforts of a city home with the benefits of a summer resort," as the prospectus had it.

The rest of the week dragged itself along in much the same style; every day it poured; every day we and the five other artistic gentlemen made daily calls on Mr. Noe, the telephone company, the plumber, and the carpenter; every day these dignitaries promised to send a man right up; every day we met on the dock loaded with provisions, and rubber blankets and sheets to lay over the leaking roof, rowed ourselves home in the evening, and back to the dock in the morning. Still, on the *Utopia* at least, life was not altogether monotonous. On Tuesday our faithful Jane accompanied me to the dock, informing the deeply interested neighbors that it was the first time she had ever hired out to live in a canal-boat, and she trusted it would be the last; that it served her right for coming to work for a common man who wrote for the newspapers, and was of course mean and poor.

On Friday the Fergusons left us, and as their trunks were deposited in the boat, Tom drew me aside. "The fact is," he said, with an embarrassed stammer, "Emily is cut up by the remarks she hears about this style of living. People think it is so deuced odd, you know. Young people without money or backing must be careful to avoid anything like Bohemianism, you know. In fact, we only came out of friendship for you, and our friendship cannot blind us to the truth that this is in every way an undesirable, inconvenient, and expensive way of living. Good-by, old man;" and he shook my hand violently. "Think over what I have said, and don't be offended by my frankness, and—and—er—er—I'll send you a—er—check for this last month—er—soon."

Then Tom, Emmie, and their trunks disappeared in the mist and rain like so many reproachful ghosts.

The next day it cleared. The telephone was mended, the seams calked up, the new co-operative waterman appeared, and general harmony was restored. We engaged a smart mulatto, ex-steward of a yacht, whose delicate sensibilities were not wounded by living on a house-boat, a first-rate cook and waiter, not musical, and not too proud to holystone the deck.

We have not yet seen the Fergusons, nor—er—er—Tom's check. G. L. Furniss.

THE CRUISER "ATLANTA."

After many trials and as many disappointments the new steel cruiser *Atlanta* has achieved a success so decided in point of speed as to surprise even her friends. This success is the more noticeable since the average collective horse-power of the engines during the six hours' trip was only about 3345, and the maximum not quite 3483, whereas the contract called for an average of 3500; yet the average speed secured was 15¼ knots, and the maximum 16¼, which was much more than was expected. Thus, after all her trials and tribulations, the *Atlanta* can claim to be the fastest vessel in the American navy. This is a distinction, however, that she will not long enjoy, since even if her sister ship the *Boston* or the larger *Chicago* should not take it away, there are now under construction several new vessels that will do so.

The *Atlanta* is one of the first series of steel vessels undertaken for the navy under the administration of Secretary Chandler. Their designs were furnished by the Naval Advisory Board, and included those for one cruiser of 4500 tons, the *Chicago;* two of 3000 tons each, the *Atlanta* and *Boston;* and one of 1500, the *Dolphin*, a despatch vessel. The advertisements for bids were issued in May, 1883, and those of Mr. John Roach, of Chester, proving the lowest, he received the contracts for all vessels. The first one finished, the *Dolphin*, was objected to by an examining board appointed by the present Secretary, Mr. Whitney, on various grounds, but has been improved and accepted. Before the three remaining vessels were completed Mr. Roach made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors, and the vessels were completed under an arrangement with the assignees.

The *Atlanta's* contract calls for a vessel having a length of 270 feet between perpendiculars, 276 on the water-line, and 283 over all; a depth, to the under side of the superstructure deck, of 34 feet; an extreme breadth of 42; a mean draught at load water-line of 16 feet 10 inches. The indicated horse-power, as we have seen, was to be 3500; the displacement at water-line, 3000 tons. Her complement of men was to be 230, and her battery to consist of two 8-inch and six 6-inch breech-loading rifles, besides twelve machine guns. It is worth noting that a memorandum by one of the officials most concerned in her gave her probable sea speed as 13 knots, whereas there is no doubt of her ability to exceed this, even taking into account the fact that she was not loaded down to a full sea-speed trial at her last test on the Sound.

A distinguishing feature of the *Atlanta* is that while the old custom with vessels of her class was to have an open-deck battery, with poop and forecastle, these latter in her have been moved to the centre, thus forming a central superstructure, leaving the extremities of the deck clear and unobstructed for the fire of the guns. An 8-inch gun is mounted outside this superstructure forward, and another one aft, each in a barbette about three feet high, built of 2-inch steel plates. Each gun has a remarkable train, one sweeping the whole deck forward, from forty degrees abaft the beam on the port side to thirty abaft on the starboard side, and the other a like sweep at the stern. Within the superstructure are the six 6-inch guns, also arranged so as to get a concentrating fire in any required direction.

One of the principal objections made to the *Atlanta* by some experts at the outset was that this absence of poop and forecastle would expose her to the rolling of the sea over her in heavy weather, and thus greatly beat down her speed. It was determined, however, that whatever might be the fact as developed by experience, it was far more than counterbalanced by her gain in fighting effectiveness. The same offset was considered more valuable than any probable loss of comfort. It should be noted also that the famous Chilian cruiser *Esmeralda*, whose speed is so remarkable, has the same construction in this respect. The *Atlanta* is fitted up with various modern appliances, including electric lighting. Her "steam separator" proved so efficient that the *Boston* will be fitted in like manner. Both these vessels will be additions of genuine value to the navy, even though it is hoped and believed that they will be far surpassed in speed by the next series of steel vessels. They are both now at New York, the *Atlanta* under Captain Bunce, and the *Boston* under Captain Ramsay.

THE NEW WEST VIRGINIA SENATOR.

Charles James Faulkner, lately elected United States Senator from West Virginia, is a man in middle life, being something less than fifty years of age. His father, whose name he bears in full, was a Virginian distinguished in State and national affairs. The newly chosen Senator was elected by a Democratic vote of forty-eight, his principal opponent, Mr. Flick, the Republican candidate, receiving thirty-one votes, at the decisive balloting in the State Legislature on the 5th instant. Mr. Faulkner, after graduating from the academic department of the University of Virginia, joined the Confederate army as a private at the breaking out of the civil war, and fought until its close, when he entered the University of Virginia Law School. At the conclusion of his studies there he joined his father in the practice of the law at Martinsburg, and upon the death of his father associated himself with his brother, E. Boyd Faulkner, in the pursuit of his profession. In 1880 he was appointed by Governor Jackson to fill an unexpired term in the judgeship of the Thirteenth Judicial Circuit, and at the expiration of this term he was elected to the same office, which he has since filled. He is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and a Mason in high standing.

EASTER ISLAND.

Of all the islands of the South Pacific Ocean, that of Rapa-Nui, or Easter Island, as it is generally called, is perhaps the most curious and interesting, on account of the mysterious origin and history of its former inhabitants, and the sculptured rocks and stone images which they have left scattered in great numbers over the island. It has been known since 1721, when the navigator Raggewein discovered it on Easter Sunday of that year, and so appropriately named it in commemoration of the discovery. Captain Cook visited it about the year 1772, and it is said he found twenty thousand inhabitants there. The island is about thirty miles in circumference, and is situated in latitude 27° 10′ south, and 109° 26′ west longitude. It has a remarkable isolation, being 2000 miles from the coast of Chili and 1500 from any other inhabited island except Pitcairn, which is comparatively barren and desolate.

Thus, on account of its situation, the origin of its people is an ethnological question which, so far, scientists have been unable to explain, and the only light on which is to be found in the native traditions. Some who have not visited the island believe it to be the remains of a submerged continent. Such a theory, however, is undoubtedly incorrect, as it is of unmistakably volcanic origin. There is a large extinct crater on each end of the island, and numerous small ones between, the ground being thickly covered with black volcanic rock and obsidian in the western portion. The largest of these volcanoes is named Rauo Kao; it is over 1300 feet high, enclosing a fresh-water lake nearly three miles in circumference, the surface of which is partially covered with vegetable matter over which a man may walk in places. The second one in size is extremely interesting on account of its being the place where the stone images were made from lava rock, a great number of which still remain, some unfinished and attached to the precipitous cliffs. An enormous number of these images are scattered all over the island, while there are 93 inside and 155 immediately outside of the crater. They are in solid pieces varying from five to seventy feet in height. The workmanship is extremely crude, and in appearance they are decidedly unattractive. The human body is represented terminating at the hips; the head is flat, the top of the forehead cut level so as to support a crown which was cut from red tufa found in one of the smaller craters. They were transported to villages near the sea, and placed upon stone platforms constructed in various heights and different lengths, facing the water. One of these platforms supported thirteen immense images, and all of those examined contained human bones, showing it to be a place of burial. Each of these many images has a separate name, but they were never idols. None of these remain upon the platforms *in situ*, as it was the custom of conquering clans to upset those of the vanquished. Of these platforms 113 have been counted. On a precipice overlooking the sea is a village of ancient stone huts, where, it is said, the natives lived only during a portion of the year. Near by are also sculptured rocks, covered with curious and extremely interesting carvings.

The first king, Hoti Metua, after landing upon the island, named it *Fe pito te Heuna*—the land in the middle of the deep. And Rapa-Nui is the name given to it by the natives of Tahiti. At the present time there are but 150 natives remaining on the island. In appearance they seem to be the degenerate remains of a race something like the Maoris of New Zealand, and they speak a language similar to those people. Although undoubtedly a cannibal race—in fact, one old man speaks with enthusiasm when asked regarding the custom—they are at present quiet and enlightened, but retain many superstitious ideas which they have received by transmission. They venerate a small sea-bird, the egg of which is sacred to them, and their season of feast begins in August, when the first eggs of these birds are taken from two barren rocks near the cliffs. Men and youths swim to these rocks, and the one who first secures an egg is held in high esteem, and he lords it over the others for twelve months, his food being furnished him, and he is not permitted to bathe for three months. To see the natives one would imagine every man, woman, and mother's child had performed the successful feat the last feast-time, so dirty they are. The last king was Kai Makor, who died about 1864, when Peruvian ships visited the island, and a number of the natives were seized and taken to work the guano on the Chincha Islands, where the greater number died. A few were finally sent back, and they brought with them small-pox, which caused great havoc and nearly depopulated the island. Water is scarce, but the climate is equable, and one of the most delightful in the world, the thermometer seldom registering higher than 75° to 80° during the warmest season.

The United States steamer *Mohican*, having cruised in Polynesia during 1886, visited Easter Island, and the officers of that ship made complete and extensive surveys, thorough explorations and investigations, and a collection of native curiosities, together with an image, a bead, and a crown, were taken on board for the National Museum at Washington, to which they have recently been delivered.

HORSE ARTILLERY.

The spirited picture of "Horse Artillery going into Action" in the present number of the Weekly tells its own story. This arm has certainly lost none of its effectiveness with the recent changes in the art of war. It combines the advantages of rapid mobility and concentrated fire. The former advantage is of particular value in these days when so much depends on securing a coveted position, and when the rapidity and range of infantry fire are so much increased over those of twenty years ago. In the French and German services the attention paid to horse artillery is constantly increasing. In our own regular army the peculiarities of the routine duty required, being chiefly that of garrisoning the seaboard forts and other posts, and operating occasionally against hostile Indians in very difficult fields for campaigning, does not tend to the development of the mounted artillery service. One forward step, however, has recently been secured in the establishment of the new school of instruction at Fort Riley, which will be both for cavalry and light batteries.

WASHINGTON C. DE PAUW.

The death of Mr. W. C. De Pauw, on the 5th of May, removes one of the wealthiest and best-known citizens of Indiana, whose integrity and beneficence were as conspicuous as his commercial enterprise. He was of French lineage, his grandfather having come to this country with Lafayette. His father settled at Salem, Indiana, where he practised law, and there his son Washington was born January 4, 1822. His father dying when the lad was only sixteen, young Washington had to take care of himself, and the traits of industry, enterprise, and good judgment which he possessed in so high a degree came into instant play. At the age of nineteen he found a situation in the office of the County Clerk, and was himself elected Clerk of Washington County on reaching the age of twenty-one. He found, however, that office work was injurious to his health, and resigning his position, undertook the business of a saw and grist mill. Gradually he added farming, trading, and banking to this occupation, and increased the number of his mills. He became one of the largest grain dealers in the State, and on the breaking out of the civil war was in a position to profit largely by the government's need of supplies for its troops.

In time the principal seat of his enterprises was New Albany, of which place he continued to be a resident through the remainder of his life. Then he had about two millions, probably, invested in various manufactories, chiefly in the American Plate-glass Works, one of the largest establishments of the sort in the world. He had also real estate of large value in that city, and several large blocks in Indianapolis, profitable real estate in St. Paul and Minneapolis, and in Louisville, St. Louis, and Chicago. He was largely interested in banks, had investments in coal lands in Pennsylvania and Indiana, and in farming lands in various States. Mining property in Colorado and elsewhere was among his possessions. His wealth has been variously estimated at from six to fifteen millions, the exact amount not having been made public.

It is certain that he used his riches with a conscientious sense of his obligations to his fellow-men. He was a liberal contributor to churches and to benevolent institutions, particularly those of the Methodist Church, of which he was a faithful and honored member. His largest benefaction, however, was to De Pauw (formerly Asbury) University, at Greencastle, which, after having received very generous gifts from him during his life, will now obtain a still more important fund, for its permanent operation, under his will. He was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor of the State by the Democrats in 1872, but declined the nomination. His real interest outside of his business was in his family and his friends, and in religious, educational, and charitable enterprises. His wife, two sons, and a daughter survive him.

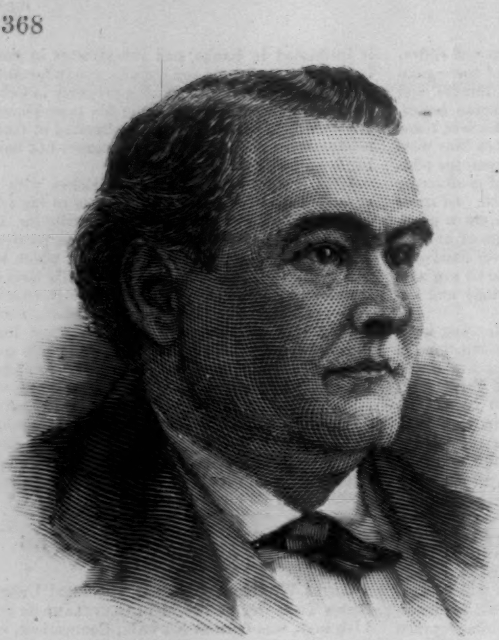
THE NEW UNITED STATES TREASURER.

James W. Hyatt, who was appointed United States Treasurer by President Cleveland on the 11th inst., was born at Norwalk, Connecticut, on September 19, 1837. He has been engaged in business affairs since his early boyhood. He left school at the age of eleven to work in a lumber yard at Stamford for half a dollar a week. At the age of twenty-three he was a member of a business firm in Stamford. Afterward he became an employé of the banking firm of Legrand Lockwood & Co., of this city, to whom he recommended himself as an accountant of extraordinary skill. For the past fourteen years Mr. Hyatt has lived in Norwich, Connecticut. In the course of that time he has been Vice-President of the Danbury and Norwalk Railroad Company, and has filled a number of other places of trust. He represented Norwalk in the State Legislature, and was Bank Commissioner under Governor Hubbard. He was a Republican until the nomination of Horace Greeley, whom he supported, and since 1872 has acted with the Democratic party. Governor Harrison reappointed him Bank Commissioner, and he was afterward made National Bank Examiner of Connecticut and Rhode Island. He is a member of the Episcopal Church, and a Mason. His wife was a Miss Hoyt, of Norwalk.

PEOPLE ON AN OCEAN STEAMER.

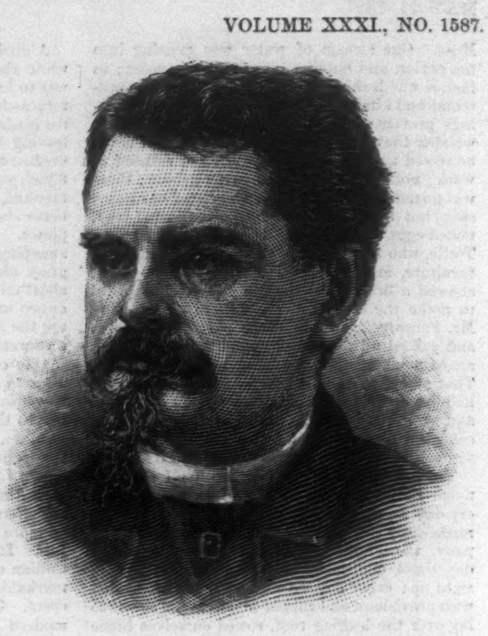
Anybody who has crossed the ocean in one of the great steamers may have noticed two facts: first, that as long as the vessel remains fast at the wharf her decks present a scene of remarkable interest and vivacity; and second, that the vivacity steadily diminishes after the hawsers have been cast off, reaching its minimum at about the time when the leviathan begins to respond to the swell which the Atlantic Ocean always has in waiting on such occasions somewhere in the neighborhood of Sandy Hook Bar. There are persons—arrant landsmen—who consider that a steam-ship is most enjoyable when it is securely connected with the stanch and immovable shore, and it is a curious circumstance that some natures are so sensitive that they permit themselves to be disturbed the instant the screw begins to revolve and agitate the vessel with its powerful motion. Some say it is imagination which so prematurely affects these sensitive organizations, while others attribute the phenomenon to the shaking up of the bilge-water, and to the consequent loosening of marine essences calculated to affect weak stomachs.

Mr. Thulstrup's picture represents that delightful period prior to the disturbance of the bilge-water. It is surprising, when one thinks of it, that human curiosity is kept within bounds as well as it is. Anybody who looks on at a ship's load of people about to sail for Europe must feel in his heart a desire to know a good deal more about them than he is ever likely to. There is a great tendency to believe that persons who are about to fly away over a thousand leagues of the earth's span, and who at the same time look so monstrously unconcerned about it, must be subjects worthy of respectful study. Just to know to what particular point in the foreign world they are going would be highly enjoyable. In another fortnight these ulsters and newmarkets will be scattered from Algiers to St. Petersburg and from London to the Golden Horn. The gray and well-seasoned wonders of the other hemisphere will be affording to them a fine background, and anybody with any curiosity at all must wish that there were some way of getting at the details. The application of the imagination to such a matter is well enough as a means of amusement, but results obtained by this process are of course not to be trusted. The only absolutely positive thing which one may know concerning strangers who are about to sail for Europe is that every ship's load of them contains at least one New York milliner. There may be a queen—dukes and marquises are probable, and baronets and members of Parliament are very likely—but the milliner is inevitable. It is a somewhat impressive fact, well substantiated, that there has not been a single moment in the last forty years when there has not been a New York milliner upon the Atlantic Ocean: so enduring and unintermittent have been the friendly relations between France and this country in at least one department of human affairs. There is a milliner in Mr. Thulstrup's picture. If there were not, the picture would not be the faithful, accurate, and admirable reflex which it evidently is.



THE LATE WASHINGTON C. DE PAUW, OF INDIANA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HEIMBERGER & SON, NEW ALBANY.
[SEE PAGE 367.]

MR. JAMES W. HYATT, OF CONNECTICUT, THE NEWLY APPOINTED TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES.
[SEE PAGE 367.]



CHARLES JAMES FAULKNER, SENATOR-ELECT FROM WEST VIRGINIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CUNNINGHAM, MARTINSBURG.
[SEE PAGE 367.]

BERNADO DE SOTO.

THE idea of Central American unification is as old as the dissolution of the confederacy which followed the emancipation of all that region from the Spanish yoke, and the loss of that New World which COLUMBUS gave to Castile and Leon. WALKER, "the great filibuster," unfurled the flag of Central American unification at Truxillo in 1857, and then suffered the "*pasar por las armas.*" Two years ago RUFFINO BARRIOS, fighting for the same cause, died at the head of his army at Chalchuapa. Now a new champion of unification has appeared in the person of BERNADO DE SOTO, President of Costa Rica.

The inhabitants of Costa Rica are to the inhabitants of Central America what the Chilenos are to the Spanish South Americans. They are active, energetic, and enterprising. There is no trace of Indian blood in their veins, nearly every Costa Rican being of unblemished Spanish descent. In every other nation of Central America the inhabitants have, as a rule, a very large percentage of Indian blood. While the history of the other Central American republics has been one long series of international and civil wars, Costa Rica has been in arms only twice—once against WALKER and once against BARRIOS. Both of these times it was the rising of a brave people against the attempt of an absolute despot to establish his power over Central America for his own personal aggrandizement.

In natural resources Costa Rica is very rich. Even in the days when the Spaniards sought for El Dorado and filled the treasure-houses of CHARLES V. with the spoils of Peru and Mexico it was called Costa Rica—the rich coast. The beauty of its scenery, the salubrity of its climate, the gold and silver of its mountains, and the fertility of its vegas still remain, and until GUARDIA ruined the country with his railroad projects it was a plate of gold.

When GUARDIA's term as President was ended, FERNANDEZ succeeded him, and BERNADO DE SOTO, a popular young officer of the army, was elected Vice-President. Two years ago BARRIOS issued his proclamation of unification, declaring himself supreme military ruler of Central America. There was great excitement in San José, the capital of Costa Rica, and war was declared. On the very day of the proclamation of war President FERNANDEZ died, and young DE SOTO became President. Those days in Costa Rica were like days in ancient Sparta. No Costa Rican, however poor, but offered to the new President all his possessions, his own life and the lives of his sons, in the cause of national independence.

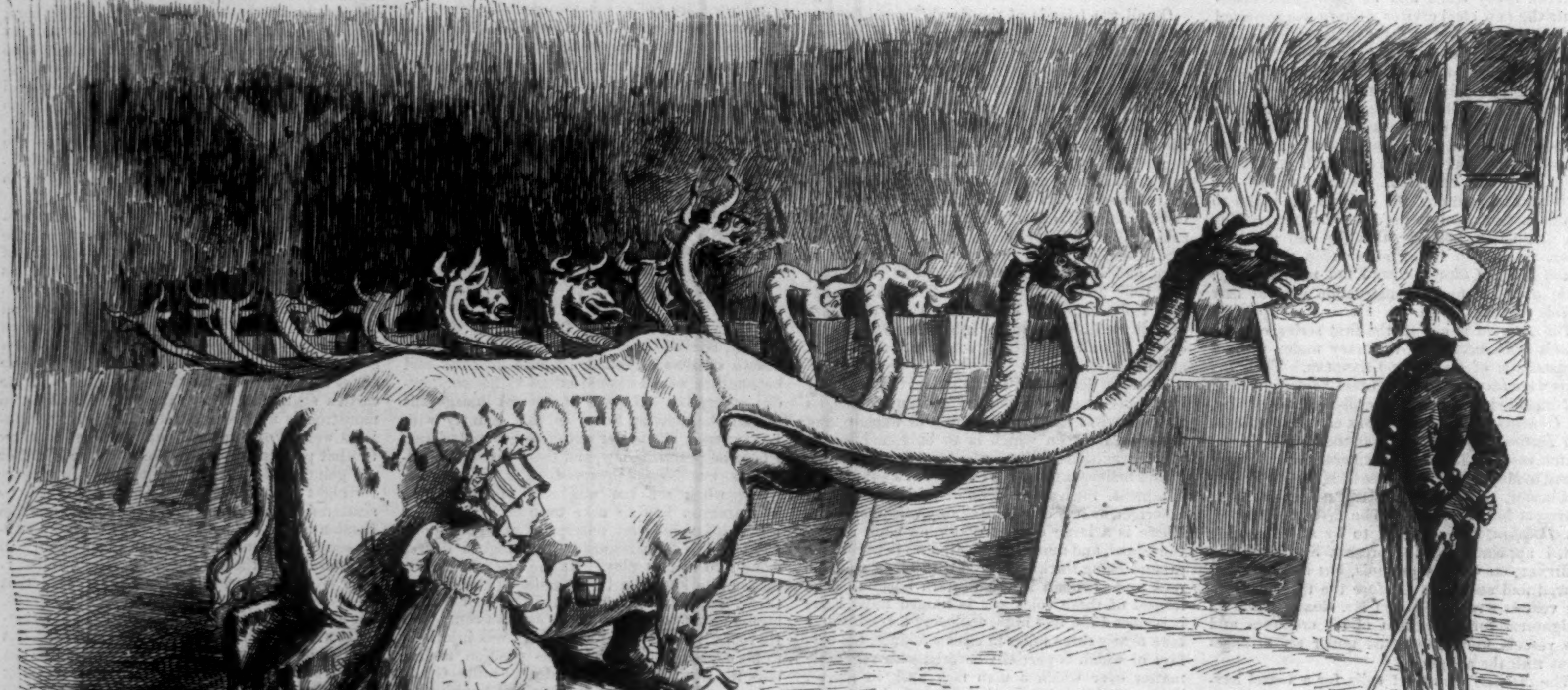
BERNADO DE SOTO, PRESIDENT OF COSTA RICA.

At the head of his army DE SOTO marched for Guatemala, being joined on the way by the army of Nicaragua. By the time Honduras, held then as now by BARRIOS's ally BOGRAN, was reached, however, the battle of Chalchuapa had been fought, the Dictator had been killed, and his cause lost.

BERNADO DE SOTO having served for the unexpired term of FERNANDEZ, was recently re-elected for the full constitutional term of four years. Under his administration the finances of the country, disordered by GUARDIA, have been placed on a secure footing, and the work of completing the interoceanic railway from Port Limon, on the Caribbean Sea, to San José, the capital, and thence to Punta Arenas, on the Pacific coast, is being rapidly prosecuted. General JESUS APOLINARIO DE SOTO, President DE SOTO's father, is his Minister of War, ASCENSION ESQUIREL is Minister of Foreign Affairs, and MAURO FERNANDEZ is Minister of Finance and Public Instruction.

In March there was held in the city of Guatemala a Convention of representatives of all the Central American republics. Heretofore Costa Rica has had little to do with Central American politics, and it was always a foregone conclusion that no scheme for unification would meet with her approval. But BERNADO DE SOTO saw the great possibilities of a unified Central America, and reversing the ancient policy of the nation, sent to the Convention his Minister of Foreign Affairs, ASCENSION ESQUIREL. The work of that Convention has paved the way for the long-dreamed-of and much-wished-for unification, and has brought forward BERNADO DE SOTO as one of its most prominent champions. He is only thirty-three years old, and comes of an ancient and military family.

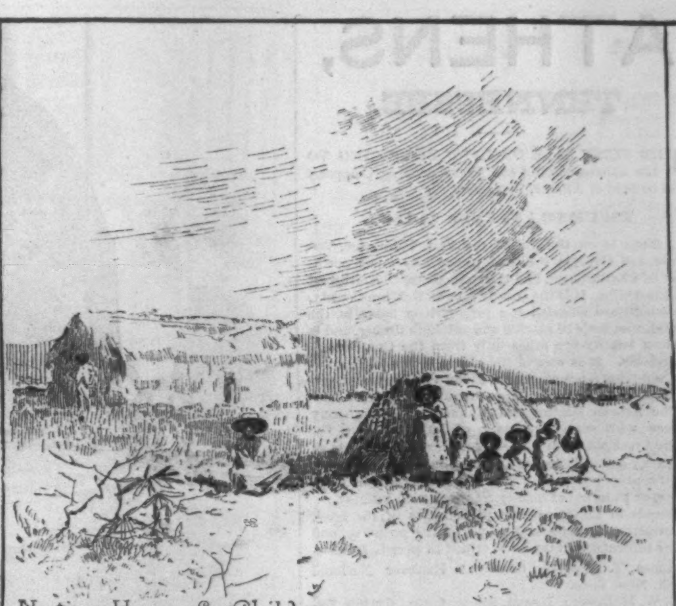
IRVING KING.



A HUGE FEEDER, BUT A POOR MILKER.

UNCLE SAM (*loq.*). "If the beast cannot yield enough to fill that little pail, the sooner my stable is quit of her, the better."

Native Woman.


Native House & Children.

Stone Tablet of Character Writing.

Lava Rock Image.

Ancient Stone Huts.

Stone Platform for Images.

Native Man.

SKETCHES FROM EASTER ISLAND.—Drawn from Photographs by F. V. du Mond.—[See Page 367.]

A SEA-SICK PASSENGER,

On the ocean, cares little about a storm. He is positively indifferent whether he is washed overboard or not. But, set right by a wineglassful or two of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, he feels renewed interest in his personal safety. This fine corrective neutralizes in brackish water—often compulsorily drank on shipboard, to the grievous detriment of health—the pernicious impurities which give rise to disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels. To the mariner, the tourist, the Western pioneer and miner, the Bitters is invaluable as a means of protection against malaria, when its seeds are latent in air and water. To the effects of overwork, mental or manual, it is a most reliable antidote, and to the debilitated and nervous, it affords great and speedily felt relief and vigor.—[*Adv.*]

THE NEW SOUTH.

Athens, Tennessee, is on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad, about fifty miles southwest of Knoxville, Tenn., and is the county seat of McMinn County, said to be the richest in minerals—iron, coal, marble, etc.—of any in Tennessee. Four pages of *Harper's Weekly* of May 7 were devoted to illustrations of Knoxville and vicinity, showing how that place has been developed by the investment of Northern capital in Southern mines. It is now proposed to develop Athens, Tenn., and a sale of land will take place on Thursday, June 2, when an opportunity will be afforded to join in developing the mineral wealth of the place, and participating in the profits arising from increased value of real estate.—[*Adv.*]

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable, and always in position. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials, Free. F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters is a household word all over the world. For over 50 years it has advertised itself by its merits. It is now advertised to warn the public against counterfeits. The genuine article is manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

For all mental and physical debility, nervous exhaustion, and lack of tone in the system, use *Thurber, Whyland, & Co.'s Restorative Wine of Coca.*—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

STATEN ISLAND

Fancy Dyeing Establishment,

BARRETT, NEPHEWS, & CO.,

5 AND 7 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

DYE, CLEAN, and REFINISH DRESS GOODS and Garments without ripping. Send for Circular and Price-list.

THE BRADLEY

PERRY'S PATENT

Two Wheeler.

Sold on its merits. Guaranteed free from Horse Motion. The only Two Wheeled vehicle that is absolutely free from Horse Motion. *Send for free circular "How to purchase direct from manufacturer."*

BRADLEY & CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y. 63 Murray St., N. Y. 32 So. Market St. Boston.

GREENWAY'S INDIA PALE ALE

IN GLASS OR WOOD. FULLY EQUAL TO THE BEST IMPORTED

RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS.

FOR FAMILY OR CLUB USE.

ENGLISH. TRADE MARK.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS & DEALERS.

THE GREENWAY BREWING CO. SYRACUSE N.Y.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,

59 WALL STREET, N. Y.

Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.

Collection in all foreign countries.

ATHENS,

TENNESSEE.

THE FIRST SALE OF LAND BELONGING TO the Athens Mining and Manufacturing Company will be held at Athens, Tennessee, on

THURSDAY, June 2, 1887.

Athens is on the line of the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia Railroad, about fifty miles northeast of Chattanooga, and the same distance southwest of Knoxville. It is the county seat of McMinn County, in which are situated the largest iron fields in the world, vast beds of marble and valuable timber, and is distant twenty-five miles only from the Cumberland coal-fields. It is one of the oldest towns in Tennessee, contains a population of about two thousand, and is destined to become a large manufacturing city.

The Athens Mining and Manufacturing Company agrees with each purchaser of land to place the money realized from real estate sales in the hands of a heavily bonded trustee, and to secure improvements on the property of the value of $500,000 within three years, or to have the money returned with interest.

Details of the company's plan, copies of the deed, descriptive circulars and maps of the property, and other information may be obtained in person from—

James T. Howard, President Hanover National Bank, New York.

H. W. McElwee: Inman, Swan, & Co., Cotton Exchange, New York.

William Means, President Metropolitan National Bank, Cincinnati.

John R. DeCamp, Vice-President Metropolitan National Bank, Cincinnati.

M. Durner & Co., n. e. cor. Main and Pearl Streets, Cincinnati.

Chas. Mendenhall, Supt. B. & O. Express Company, Cincinnati.

R. J. Fisher, Cashier First National Bank, Athens, Tenn.

R. L. Bright, President Tellico Iron Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

E. C. Pope, iron merchant, Cleveland, O.

Or by mail by addressing

The Athens Mining and Manufacturing Co.,

ATHENS, TENN.

This Company offers purchasers at the sale, on June 2, the privilege of becoming partners in the enterprise at its inception, and of realizing the profits from the increasing value of its property.

LEA & PERRINS'

SAUCE

(The Worcestershire)

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS' that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, WELSH-RAREBITS, &c.

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of the genuine.

JOHN DUNCANS' SONS, N. Y.,

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

TRADE **S.S.S.** MARK

Mr. J. T. Groves, Editor of Jacksonville (Fla.), *Herald*, says: "S. S. S. has cured me of sciatic rheumatism of three years' standing."

Mr. M. T. Lamar, of Montgomery, Ala., says: "After suffering for 25 years with inflammatory rheumatism, $16 worth of S. S. S. cured me completely."

Mrs. C. A. Baily, of 17½ Blackstone St., Boston, Mass., says: "S. S. S. has cured me of Black Leprosy after being given up to die by physicians."

Mr. L. T. Clark, of 345 West 12th St., N. Y. City, says: "S. S. S. cured me of lung trouble which everybody called consumption."

Books on "Contagious Blood Poison" and on "Blood and Skin Diseases" mailed free.

For sale by all druggists.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

London Office: 35 Snow Hill, E. C.

"ENGLISH TROUSERS' STRETCHER"

Patented in every nation.

MENTION THIS TO JOHN.

Green, Cadbury & Co., Patentees and Manufrs, Eng.

NO MORE BAGGY KNEES

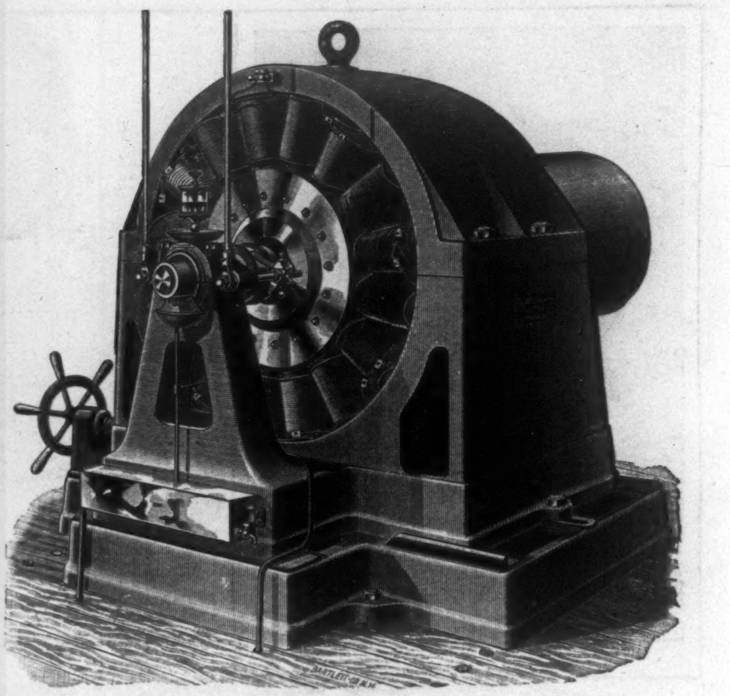
Its use makes Old Trousers appear new. | Price $1.75, $5.00 for 3 pairs. By mail 2.00, 5.50 for 3 pairs.

E. O. THOMPSON, 1338 Chestnut St., Philada. 245 Broadway, N. Y.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

The Best Cure for Coughs, Weak Lungs, Asthma, Indigestion, Inward Pains, Exhaustion. Combining the most valuable medicines with Jamacia Ginger, it exerts a curative power over disease unknown to other remedies. Weak Lungs, Rheumatism, Female Complaints, and the distressing ills of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are dragging thousands to the grave who would recover their health by the timely use of Parker's Ginger Tonic. It is new life and strength to the aged. 50c. at Druggists. Hiscox & Co., 163 William Street, N. Y.

OPIUM HABIT Cured without suffering. No pay till cured. O. S. SARGENT, M.D., 22 Claremont Park, Boston.



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ALTERNATING SYSTEM.

Incandescent Electric Lighting from Central Stations made Universal, Economical, and Profitable, irrespective of distance.

The Westinghouse Electric Co.,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Eastern Office, 17 CORTLANDT STREET, NEW YORK.

4 Times for 1 Cent.

For 25cts. you can obtain of your Druggist—or we will send it post-paid by mail—

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK.

This will enable you to Shave with Ease and Comfort over 100 times or 4 times for 1ct.

A Toilet Elegancy that all gentlemen who shave themselves will appreciate.

Address,

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

For 50 years M'f'rs of famous Genuine Yankee Soap.

FELT TOOTH BRUSH.

Having all the advantages of the old bristle Tooth Brush and the following advantages over same:

More Cleanly—Perfect Polisher—No Loose Bristles—Non-Irritating to the Gums—Powdered Ready for Use—Endorsed by the Profession.

For sale by all dealers in toilet articles.

THE HORSEY M'F'G CO., Utica, N. Y.

JEWETT'S REFRIGERATORS

THE PATENT

LABRADOR.

Send for Book of Information.

THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED (Samples FREE) for DR. SCOTT'S beautiful ELECTRIC CORSETS, BRUSHES, BELTS, Etc. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Dr. SCOTT, 843 B'way, N. Y.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. For Improved and Economic Cookery.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Only sort guaranteed Genuine by Baron Liebig.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. The Finest Meat-flavoring Stock. USE it for Soups, Sauces, and Made Dishes.

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LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Highly recommended as a Nightcap instead of alcoholic drinks.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in blue ink across label.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole agents for the United States (wholesale only). C. David & Co., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by JAMES P. SMITH, PARK & TILFORD, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, THURBER, WHYLAND, & CO., FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO., CHAS. N. CRITTENTON, W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

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Traveler's Cap and Head-Rest Combined.

THE combination of a PILLOW within a TRAVELER'S CAP is a decided novelty, and something that cannot fail to be appreciated. Although to external appearances like other silk caps, it has concealed within its lining an air cushion, which may be inflated at will, thus forming a soft head-rest which enables one to lean comfortably against any hard-substance. The pad, when exhausted of air, adds but a trifle to the bulk of the cap. Give them a trial, and you will never be without one when traveling. Made of fine Black Gros Grain Silk, with Satin Lining. All sizes, $1.50 each. Ask your Hatter for them. If not found, they will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of price. State size cap usually worn. Address the Manufacturers,

GEORGE FROST & CO.

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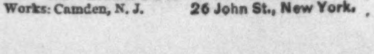

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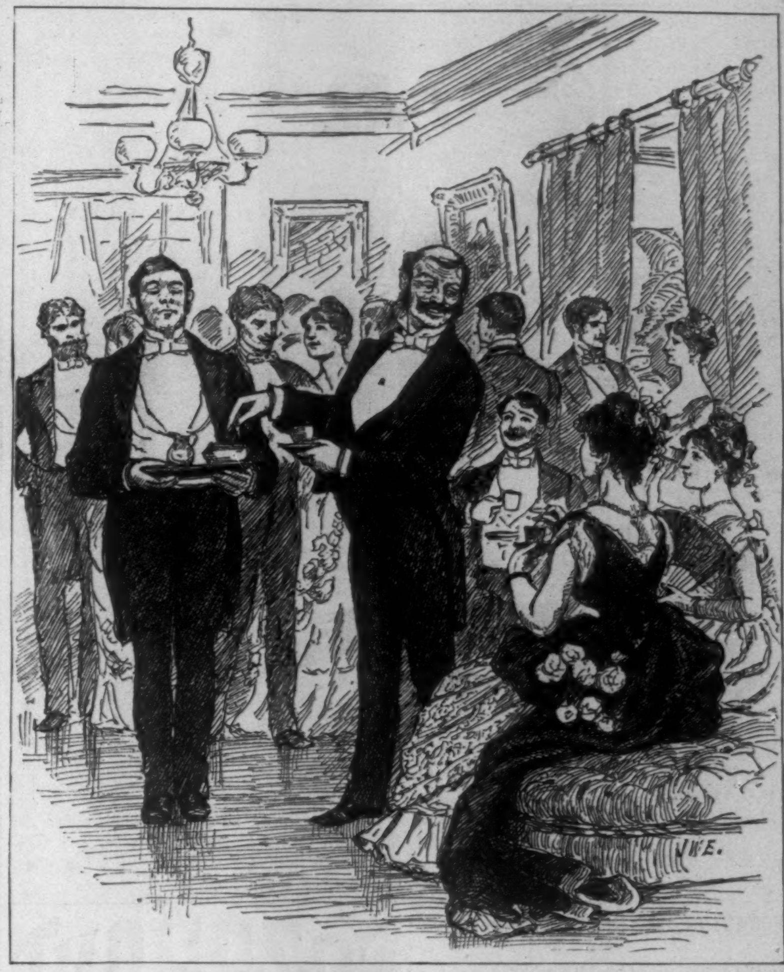
For Sale by all Stationers.

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,

Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

AN EXPERT.

Uncle Moses relates an incident: "Dat smart Aleck Pollux were talkin' 'bout de law bin changed. 'No, *sah!*' sez I. 'Dere ain't no law bin changed 'bout nuttin'. Ain't I bin er tendin' Lyer Har'son's offiss gwine on thirty year, en ain' I seen dem same law books on de same shelf all de time? No, *sah*, s'y, *ignunt* people may think de law done change, but dem whar knows, knows better.'"



AMBIGUOUS.

SCENE—AT MR. JUVENAL DEMICENT'S HOUSE, JUST AFTER DINNER.

MRS. KNIGHT (*loq.*). "And so, Mr. Demicent, this charming dinner you have been giving us is in commemoration of your birthday. If it weren't so awfully rude a question, I should ask, how old are you?"

MR. DEMICENT, who has evidently turned the corner (*jocosely*). "My dear Mrs. Knight—I am thirty-five—"

MRS. KNIGHT. "Well, you really don't look it."

FROM THE ATHLETIC TRAINER AT PRINCETON COLLEGE.

PRINCETON, N. J., Jan. 21, 1886.

I have found it imperative to have sure and simple remedies on hand in case of cuts, bruises, strains, sprains, colds, rheumatism, &c. Shortly after entering upon my profession, I discovered such a remedy in ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. I tried other plasters, but found them too harsh and irritating. ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS give almost instantaneous relief, and their strengthening power is remarkable. In cases of weak back put two plasters on the small of the back, and in a short time you will be capable of quite severe exercise. In "sprint" and "distance" races and jumping, the muscles or tendons in the legs and feet sometimes weaken. This can invariably be relieved by cutting the plaster in narrow strips, so as to give free motion, and applying on muscles affected. JAMES ROBINSON.

REGISTERED **"SANITAS"** TRADEMARK

Nature's Disinfectant.

THE PINE FOREST at HOME.

Should be in Every Household.

100,000 LIVES

ANNUALLY LOST IN THE UNITED STATES,

from Scarlet Fever, Small Pox, Malaria, Dysentery, Enteric Fever, Measles, Diphtheria, Whooping Cough and Diarrhœa, can be saved by the regular use in every household of

"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT,

which is colorless, non-poisonous, does not stain linen and is fragrant.

"Actuated by the same impulse which makes us turn our faces towards a fresh breeze" we "grasp a bottle of 'Sanitas' in a sick room." —ANNIE THOMAS in "Eyre of Blendon."

"SANITAS" FLUID, OIL, POWDER, SOAPS, &c.

40 Cents each Preparation.

To be had of all Druggists, and of the

American & Continental "Sanitas" Co.,

(Limited.)

636-642 West 55th Street, N. Y.

PLAYS Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, for School, Club, & Parlor. Best out. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Chicago.

I Owe My Life.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With billous fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I

Could not move!

I shrunk!

From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did no good, I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters.

Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles, I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '86. R. FITZPATRICK.

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1886. Gentlemen—
I suffered with attacks of sick headache."

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner.

No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure, until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle

Nearly cured me;"

The second made me as well and strong as when a child,

"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint.

"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—
"Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters.

And many more are using them with great benefit. "They almost do miracles?"

Mrs. E. D. Slack.

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise, work too hard without rest, doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know

HOW TO GET WELL.—which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism.

Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave.

J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1884.

I Write This

Token of the great appreciation I have of your
* * * Bitters. I was afflicted
With inflammatory rheumatism ! ! !
For nearly

Seven years, and no medicine seemed to do me any

Good ! ! !

Until I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well to-day as ever I was. I hope

"You may have abundant success"

In this great and"

Valuable medicine:

Anyone * * wishing to know more about my cure?

Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1103 16th street, Wash, D. C.

How to Cure Skin & Scalp Diseases with the CUTICURA REMEDIES

TORTURING, DISFIGURING, ITCHING, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of disease-sustaining elements, and thus removes the *cause*.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of crusts, scales, and sores, and restores the hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating skin diseases, baby humors, skin blemishes, chapped and oily skin. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the great skin beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

TINTED with the loveliest delicacy is the skin bathed with CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

LEGS & ARMS,
(ARTIFICIAL)
WITH RUBBER HANDS AND FEET.
The Most Natural, Comfortable & Durable,
Thousands in Daily Use.
New Patents & Important Improvements.
U. S. Gov't Manufacturer.
Ill. Pamphlet of 160 Pages SENT FREE.
A. A. MARKS,
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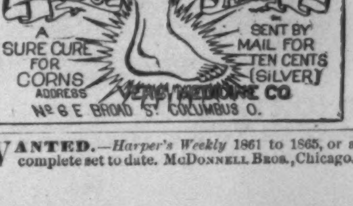
WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA

The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptics and Children. ☞ *Buy of your dealer, or send* 10 *stamps for trial can.* H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER 25 cents PACKAGE

Makes Five Gallons of a delicious, sparkling temperance beverage. Strengthens and purifies the blood. Its purity and delicacy commend it to all. Sold by druggists and storekeepers everywhere.



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Arnold Constable & Co

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Surahs, plaid and checked,
Moire Francaise,
India Pongees,
CORAHS.

Broadway & 19th st.

The plates of Harper's Weekly during the War having been destroyed,

HARPER'S

Pictorial History of the Rebellion

Is the only means of obtaining its invaluable historical illustrations. In two splendid folio volumes, same size page as the Weekly, and containing 1000 of its famous War pictures. Price for set, carriage paid, in bevelled cloth, $16: in Half Turkey Morocco, handsome gilt stamp on side and marbled edges, $22; in Full Turkey Morocco, gilt edges, elegant, $35. **To avoid deception see that books bear Harper's name.** *In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, and most of the larger cities and their vicinity, we can, on application, show a set of the books.* ☞ **Sold on easy payments.** Send for Illustrated Circular to

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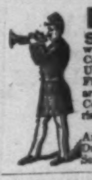
Of priceless value for preservation.—Boston Advertiser.

First-class Agents Wanted.



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STATE & MONROE STS., CHICAGO,
will mail, free, their newly enlarged Catalogue of Band Instruments, Uniforms and Equipments, 400 Fine Illustrations describing every article required by Bands or Drum Corps, including Repairing Materials, Trimmings, etc.
Contains Instructions for Amateur Bands, Exercises and Scales, Drum Major's Tactics, By-Laws, and a Selected List of Band Music.

PARIS DRESSES AND MANTLES,
MADAME JOSEPHINE GILLES ET CIE.,
17 Avenue de L'Opera, Paris.
MANY YEARS WITH MAISON LAUR.
English well spoken.

WELL GROUNDED.

HE. "I take it you're quite up in the game, Miss Snigglefitz.

SHE. "Rather! Grandpa's first base in the 'Life Insurance' nine; Pa's pitcher for the 'Oleomargarines;' my two brothers are in the 'Bangtown College' nine; two uncles and three cousins are in the 'Heterogeneans;' and if you'll promise not to give it away, Mr. Tompkins, I'll just confide in you that I'm engaged to 'Billy' Snooks, the Umpire."

"MORAL: INSURE IN THE TRAVELERS."

THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY. HARTFORD, CONN. IS THE ORIGINAL ACCIDENT COMPANY OF AMERICA, AND THE

LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

Rates as Low as Consistent with Safety.

Also, BEST of LIFE COMPANIES.

ACCIDENT POLICIES, only $5 per year to Professional and Business men, for each $1000 with $5 Weekly Indemnity.

Not forfeited by change of occupation, but paid pro rata.

ACCIDENT TICKETS, 25 cents per day, $4.50 for 30 days; for Sale at all Local Agencies and Leading Railroad Stations.

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BEST LIFE POLICY in the Market. Indefeasible, Non-Forfeitable, World-Wide.

Paid Policy-Holders $13,000,000.

Pays ALL CLAIMS **Without Discount,** and immediately upon receipt of satisfactory proofs.

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Assets, - - $9,111,000.
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TO CALL HER MINE.

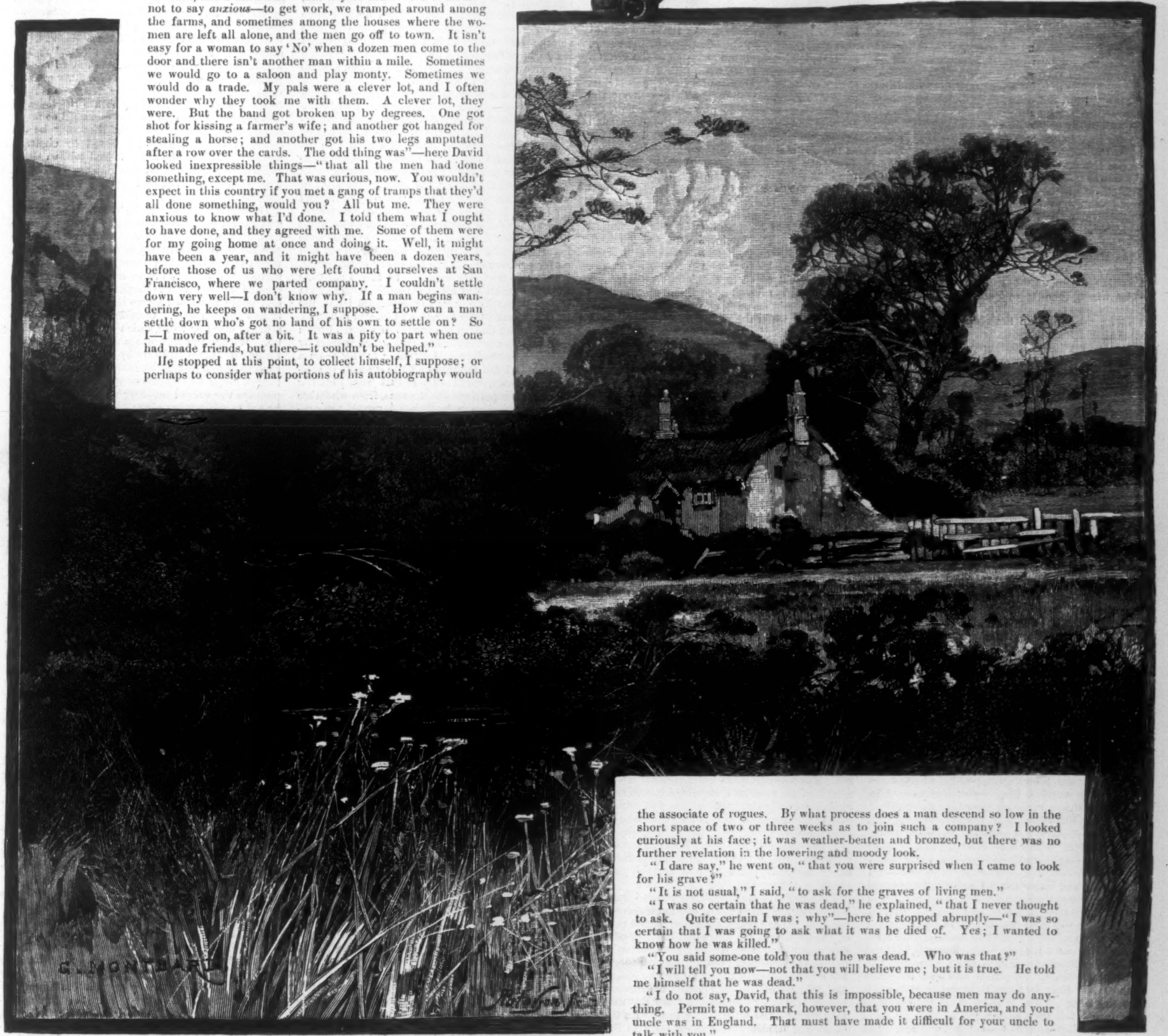
[*Continued from page 363.*]

"Then you have been among the blacks, David?" It was the first hint he had given of his adventures.

He lighted his pipe and began to smoke it lazily, leaning against the porch. Then he talked, with intervals of puffing at the pipe.

"Six years ago," he said—"six years it was, come October the twentieth, that I left Challacombe with £50 for all the money I had in the world. Yes, £50, instead of Berry Down that I'd begun with. Who'd got the land?" He pointed in the direction of Gratnor with a gesture which was meant for hatred and unforgivingness. "Ha! after I went away it seems that he had an ugly accident. No one knows the cause of that accident." He grinned as if he was pleased to think of it. "Quite a judgment—quite. A clear judgment, I call it. Where did I go first, now? I took passage at Falmouth for New York, and there I staid: it's a fine town for them as have got money, full of bars and drinking saloons, and—and—all sorts of pretty things. So I staid there till all the money was gone—what's the good of £50? Better enjoy it, and have done with it. I made it last a good bit—two months and more. Then I looked about for work. Well, it's a terrible hard place when you've got no money, and as for work, the Irish get all there is. By that I'd made a few friends, and we thought we'd go westward. There was a dozen or more of us, and we moved on together, sometimes getting odd jobs, sometimes legging it, and sometimes taking the cars. When there was no work, and I don't know that any of them were anxious—not to say *anxious*—to get work, we tramped around among the farms, and sometimes among the houses where the women are left all alone, and the men go off to town. It isn't easy for a woman to say 'No' when a dozen men come to the door and there isn't another man within a mile. Sometimes we would go to a saloon and play monty. Sometimes we would do a trade. My pals were a clever lot, and I often wonder why they took me with them. A clever lot, they were. But the band got broken up by degrees. One got shot for kissing a farmer's wife; and another got hanged for stealing a horse; and another got his two legs amputated after a row over the cards. The odd thing was"—here David looked inexpressible things—"that all the men had done something, except me. That was curious, now. You wouldn't expect in this country if you met a gang of tramps that they'd all done something, would you? All but me. They were anxious to know what I'd done. I told them what I ought to have done, and they agreed with me. Some of them were for my going home at once and doing it. Well, it might have been a year, and it might have been a dozen years, before those of us who were left found ourselves at San Francisco, where we parted company. I couldn't settle down very well—I don't know why. If a man begins wandering, he keeps on wandering, I suppose. How can a man settle down who's got no land of his own to settle on? So I—I moved on, after a bit. It was a pity to part when one had made friends, but there—it couldn't be helped."

He stopped at this point, to collect himself, I suppose; or perhaps to consider what portions of his autobiography would be best repressed. We looked at each other in amazement. By his own statement—it was not a confession: there was no sense of shame about the man—by his own unblushing statement he had, only a few weeks after leaving England, where he had once been a substantial yeoman, the companion and equal of respected, honorable men, willingly consorted with a gang of roughs, who had all done something, and gone with them tramping along the roads of the States. How can a man fall so quickly?



GRATNOR.—[See Page 362.]

"Well," David resumed, "I was bound to move on somewhere. Presently I heard of a ship that was going to the Pacific, and I went aboard as carpenter, and we sailed about. It wasn't a lucky ship, and she was wrecked one night in a storm, and all hands lost—except me. At least, I suppose so, because I never saw nor heard of any of them afterward. I was thrown ashore on an island called, as I learned afterward, New Ireland, and the people were going to spear me and eat me, when a German saved my life. Baron Sergius something his name was. He could talk their language, and they worshipped him. I staid there perhaps a year—there's no way of telling how the time goes. Then a ship came and took me off. The Baron was left behind, and I dare say he's eaten by this time. This ship was unlucky too: the captain set fire to her one night, and we had to take to the boats, where they were all starved to death, except the mate and me."

"Good Lord!" cried George, "here are adventures enough for a volume; and he reels them off as if they were quite common occurrences!"

"They picked us up, and brought us to Sydney; we had bad weather on the way, and were like to have foundered."

"Do you always bring disaster to every vessel that you go aboard of?" I asked.

"But we got in safe, and—and—well, that's all: I came home."

"And what are you going to do now you are come home, David?"

"I will tell you, George, in a day or two. The old man says he will do nothing for me—we'll see to that presently. He's turned the old farm-house at Berry into two cottages, and the buildings are falling to pieces. Says I can take up my quarters in one of the cottages, if I like: that is liberal, isn't it? And I am to earn my living how I can: that's generous, isn't it?"

"Try conciliation, David."

"No, Will; I think I know a better plan than conciliation."

This was all that David told us. We saw, indeed, very little of him after this day. He took what we gave him without a word of thanks, and he did not pretend the least interest in either of us or our doings or our welfare. Yet he had known both of us all his life, and he was but five or six years older. A strange return! Knowing now all that I know, I am certain that he was dazed and confounded, first at finding his uncle alive, and next at the reception he met with. He was thinking of these things and of that new plan of his, yet imperfect, by which he could wreak revenge upon his uncle. This made him appear duller and more stupid than was his nature.

We sat waiting for more experiences, but none came. How, for instance, one would have been pleased to inquire, came an honest Devonshire man to consort with a gang of fellows who had all "done something," and were roving and tramping about the country ready to do something else. Before David lost his land he used to drink, but not with rogues and tramps. Yet now he confessed without any shame to having been their companion—a tramp and vagabond himself, and the associate of rogues. By what process does a man descend so low in the short space of two or three weeks as to join such a company? I looked curiously at his face; it was weather-beaten and bronzed, but there was no further revelation in the lowering and moody look.

"I dare say," he went on, "that you were surprised when I came to look for his grave?"

"It is not usual," I said, "to ask for the graves of living men."

"I was so certain that he was dead," he explained, "that I never thought to ask. Quite certain I was; why"—here he stopped abruptly—"I was so certain that I was going to ask what it was he died of. Yes; I wanted to know how he was killed."

"You said some-one told you that he was dead. Who was that?"

"I will tell you now—not that you will believe me; but it is true. He told me himself that he was dead."

"I do not say, David, that this is impossible, because men may do anything. Permit me to remark, however, that you were in America, and your uncle was in England. That must have made it difficult for your uncle to talk with you."

"That is so," he replied. "What I mean is, that every night—it began after I'd been in New York and got through my money—every night, after I went to sleep, his cursed ghost used to come and sit on my bed. 'David,' he said, 'I'm dead.' A lot more he said that you don't want to hear. 'David, come home quick,' he said. 'David, I'll never leave you in peace until you do come home,' he said. Every night, mind you. Not once now and again, but every night. That's the reason why I came home. The ghost has left off coming now."

"This is truly wonderful."

"What did he do it for?" asked David, angrily. "He'd got my land. Well, as for—as for—what happened, my score wasn't paid off by that."

"What did happen?"

"Never mind. He'd got my land still; and I was a tramp. What did he want to get by it?"

"You don't mean, David, that your uncle deliberately haunted you every night? No one ever heard of a living man's ghost haunting another living man. A dead man's ghost may haunt a living man, perhaps, though I am not prepared to back that statement with any experiences of my own. Perhaps, too, a living man's ghost may haunt a dead man; that would be only fair. Turn and turn about, you see. But for a live uncle to haunt a live nephew—no, David, no."

"He is crafty enough for anything. I don't care who done it," said David, "it was done. Every night it was done. And that's why I came home again. And since he's fetched me home on a fool's errand, he's got to keep me."

"But it wasn't his fault that the ghost came. Man alive! he wanted his own ghost for himself. Consider, he couldn't get on without it!"

"He brought me home, and he's got to keep me," said David, doggedly. Then he put on his hat and slowly slouched away.

"He is going to drink at the inn," said George. "I am glad he had the grace not to get drunk here. Will, there is something uncanny about the man. Why should he have this horrible haunting dream every night?"

"Remorse for a crime which he wished he had committed, perhaps. An odd combination, but

possible. If he had murdered his uncle he might have been haunted in this way. Wishes he had murdered him, you see. Imagination supplies the rest."

"My opinion, Will, is that in the band of pals tramping across the North American Continent, the exception spoken of by David did not exist. They had all, every one, without exception, 'done something.' And now, lad, we'll walk over to Gratnor and have tea with Mary."

CHAPTER X.

GRIMSPOUND.

On the next day, Monday, a very singular and inexplicable thing happened—nay, two singular things — the full meaning of which I did not comprehend until accident—old-fashioned people would call it Providence—put the solution into my hands.

There is one place near Challacombe which those love most who know it best. Especially is it desirable when the air is still, and the sun burns in the valley, and in the narrow lanes around the slopes and outer fringe of the great moor. For my own part, it is like a holy place of pilgrimage, whither one goes time after time, and never tires of it, for refreshment of the soul and the eye. I left Sidcote at eight, before the morning freshness was quite gone from the air, though the sun at the end of July has then already been up for four hours, and followed the road which leads through Heytree Gate past Heytree Farm on the left, and the coppice on the right, where there was a solitary chiff-chaff singing all by himself on the top of a tree. The road leads to Widdicombe-on-the-Moor—the last place in these islands where the Devil appeared visibly, having much wrath, before he sent the lightning upon the church and killed many of the congregation. After Heytree, the road runs for the best part of a mile over the open down where Mr. Leighan met his accident, until one comes to Hewed-stone Gate, where there is another farm-house, and where he who would stand upon the place of which I speak must turn to the right and follow the stream, which soon grows narrower until it becomes a trickling rill falling down a steep hill-side, and the rill becomes a thread of water, and the hill grows steeper, and the thread disappears and becomes a green line leading to still greener quags, higher and higher up the hills. It is an immense great hog's back of a hill, three miles long from end to end; the ridge at the top is not steep and narrow, but half a mile broad at least, covered with heath and heather and whortle-berry bushes. There is no path across Hamil Down, but this flat plain is the most glorious place in the world—even better than the long ridge of Malvern—to walk along on a warm summer day. The turf, before you reach the top, is dry and spongy to the tread; it is covered with the little yellow flowers of the tormentilla; here and there is gorse with its splendid yellow, and among the gorse you may find the pretty pink blossoms of the dodder, if you look for it. If you climb higher the wind begins to whistle in your ears, which is the first sign of being upon a mountain-side. You may sit on Primrose Hill all the year round, and the wind will never convert your ear into an Æolian harp; but climb the side of Helvellyn or walk over the Sty Head Pass, and before you have gone very far the old familiar ringing whistle begins, though the air below seemed still and the breeze had dropped. When you have reached the top, turn to the right and walk to King's Tor, the northern point of Hamil Down, and then sit down. There was a barrow here once, and at some unknown time it was opened, and now lies exposed and desecrated. Within is the round grave, cased with stones brought up the hill from below and ranged in a cuplike shape, in which they laid the body of the great, illustrious, and never-to-be-forgotten King. I will show you presently the place where he died, from which they brought him in long procession — the men and women alike long-haired, fair-skinned, and ruddy-cheeked — all mourning and lamenting. I know not the tunes of the hymns they sang, but I fear there was sacrifice at the grave-side, and that the soul of that King was accompanied by many indignant souls of those who were slain to bear him company. It was a long time ago, however, and the thing itself wants confirmation; wherefore let us shed no tears. They have laid open the grave and taken away the torquils, bracelets, and crown of the King. Then, if there were any bones of him, they left them uncovered, so that the rains fell upon them and the frosts tore them apart, and now there is but a little dust, which you cannot distinguish from the earth that lies around the grave. It is a high place, however, and beside it are bowlders, where one can sit and look around. On the northeast is Ease Down, with its long slopes, and the granite pile upon its highest point; and below Ease Down, Manaton Tor; above the church, and below Manaton, a spur runs out between the valleys, and there are Latchell Tor, Nympenhole, and the Ridge. Below Nympenhole stands Gratnor, where Mary is at this moment. I know it well, and I can fancy that I see her making a fruit pie for dinner and a cake for tea. I am sure that she has a white apron on — one of the long things up to the throat — her sleeves are rolled up, and she stands before the board with the rolling-pin and the pastry, taking great pains with the cake, because we are going to Gratnor to have tea with her, and after tea we shall walk along the Ridge and talk. Poor Mary! must she give up Challacombe and Sidcote, and go far afield with George in search of kinder fortune?

Beyond Manaton Tor you look down upon the rocky sides of Lustleigh Cleeve: turning your head to the east and southeast there rises before you a glorious pile of hills, one beyond the other. I say not that they are mountains, but I want no fairer hills. There is Hayne Down, with its bowlders thrown down the front, as if they were pebbles shaken from a young giant maiden's apron—this is, I believe, the scientific and geological explanation of their origin; there is Hound Tor, with its granite castle; behind it Hey Tor, with its two great black pyramids; on the right of Hey Tor there are Rippin Tor and Honeybag. Six miles away, hidden among the hills and woods, is Widdicombe church, the cathedral of the moor. Turn to the west, and eight miles away you can see Kes Tor, where still stand the foundations of the houses built by those who placed the bowlders in a circle, and filled them in with turf, and then, with branches and a larch pole and more turf, made the place weather-tight and snug. With no chimney, and a cheerful fire of crackling sticks and plenty of smoke, they made themselves truly comfortable on winter nights, though somewhat red and inflamed about the eyes in the morning. South of Kes Tor there stretches the open moor, bounded by more tors in every direction. We are among the everlasting hills. A thousand years in their sight is but as yesterday. As these tors stand now, the grass climbing slowly over the rocks, so they stood a thousand years ago—the grass a few inches lower down, the rocks the same, the slopes the same. Overhead a hawk, poised just as one sees now; the rabbits ran about the heather just as they do now; and, as now, the shifting shadows coursed across the slopes, and the curves of the hill-sides changed continually as the sun like a giant rejoiced to run his course. We come and go, and are no more seen; but the hills remain. I suppose that after millions of years they, too, will disappear, with the light of the sun, and the sweet air, and the green herbs, and flowers, and all the creatures; and then there will be darkness and death for all creation. But the Hand which started the myriads of worlds and set them steadfast in their orbits can re-create them and make a newer and a better world, of which this is but a shadow.

There was not a soul upon Hamil Down except myself. There never is, except sometimes about this season when the whortleberries are ripe, or when a shepherd comes in search of his Dartmoor flocks, or a wayfarer crosses from Challacombe over the hill, instead of coming round the road; or when one comes this way who knows the moor, and is not afraid of being belated, and ventures to make a short-cut from Post Bridge —built of three flat slabs of stone by the nameless King who was buried on this tor—by way of Vitifer to Challacombe or Moreton-Hampstead.

I had the whole of the great flat ridge to myself as I left King's Tor and walked briskly southward, avoiding the green quagmires which lie here and there, a pitfall to the many. Half-way along this upland plain there stands an upright stone. It is not a cross; nor is it, so far as one can judge, a tombstone. It is simply an upright stone of gray granite, six feet high. Beside it lies a small flat stone; it is called the Grey Wether. Who put it up, and why it was put up, not the oldest inhabitant can tell. Indeed, the oldest inhabitant, who was the last survivor in Grimspound, died there about two thousand years ago, and there has been no oldest inhabitant since then.

I stood beside the Grey Wether Stone, making these and other admirable reflections. I am not quite certain whether I really did make them; but when one is a writer of leading articles, it is easy to fall into a literary way of thinking, and to shape one's thoughts into an effective line. However, I was shaken out of my meditations by a very singular accident. I had stood on the same spot dozens of times before this: any day the same accident might have happened, yet it did not. The accident waited, as accidents always do, until it might produce a coincidence. No one can explain coincidences; yet they happen continually —to every one of us who is on watch, one or two every day.

What happened was this. Between the upright stone and the flat stone, the edges of the latter being irregular, there is, at a certain place, an aperture or recess.

I carried with me a stick, on which I was leaning. Now, by this kind of chance which we call accident, in changing my position I stuck the point of the stick into the aperture—a thing of which one would have been hardly conscious but for an unmistakable clicking which followed, as of coins. Is there anything in the world which more excites and stimulates the blood than the discovery of hidden treasure? In ancient countries there are men who go about forever haunted with the idea of finding hidden treasure—in Italy, in Syria, in Greece, in Asia Minor—wherever ancient civilizations have passed away, leaving drachmas or shekels in buried pots, waiting for the lucky finder. One shudders to think of the eagerness with which I fell upon this imaginary hoard. No doubt, I hastened to conjecture, it was an ancient treasure which I was about to discover: a pile of Roman coins with the head of some almost forgotten emperor upon them; a heap of early Saxon coins —angels, marks, doubloons, rose-nobles at the very least. The opening, I found, was too small for a man's hand — perhaps a small six-and-a-quarter might have got in. If Mary were here— but Mary's hand is six-and-a-half, as becomes the hand of the capable housewife. If man's fingers were longer, like those of the monkey with the prehensile tail, one of our ancestors might have found and fished out the coins in no time, and spent them recklessly in Kentish cobs, or the home-grown crab. Perhaps the flat stone might be moved? No; the hands which propped up the Grey Wether were mighty hands; perhaps the same which threw that apron full of bowlders over the face of Hayne Down. The flat stone was immovable. Perhaps with the stick I could at least feel the coins? Yes, I made them rattle. The position now became that of Tantalus. Who ever heard before of a buried treasure only twelve inches deep which could be felt but not dragged out? Why, it was not only a buried treasure, but perhaps a vast treasure: a collection of priceless coins, antique, unique, throwing light upon dark places in history; giving personality and life to what had been before but a name or a string of names, the portraits and effigies of long-forgotten Emperors and Kings. I would have that treasure somehow. Many plans suggested themselves: sticky stuff on the end of a twig to which the coins might adhere, lazy tongs, common tongs, pincers—I would go back to Sidcote and lug up a sackful of instruments; I would go to Moreton-Hampstead and borrow another sackful of surgical instruments; I would even get a couple of stone-masons and saw that stone through. I would have that treasure.

One would not be without a conscience, but it sometimes sadly interferes with the pilgrim when paths of pleasantness open out before him; and here the voice of Conscience said, in her cold and unsympathetic way, "There is no rood of English ground but has its Seigneur. The Lord of the Manor in which stands Hamildown is the Prince of Wales. After all your trouble you will have to take the treasure to H.R.H." "I'll be hanged if I do," was the reply of the natural man. "You'll be conveyed to the Peninsula of Purbeck marble if you don't," said Conscience again.

It is no use arguing with a conscience which is at once persistent and sensitive. I therefore grumpily stuck the stick once more into the recess and poked about again. The coins rattled merrily. Never in my whole life have I so ardently desired to touch, to handle, to examine, to possess this unknown and unseen treasure.

Now when I took out the stick again a bit of yellow leather showed for a moment just hooked up by the ferule as far as the light penetrated. The sight of the leather inspired me with faint hope. Again I poked about, but for some time in vain, until I hit upon a most ingenious and crafty contrivance. Like all really great things, it was also perfectly simple. In fact, I reversed the stick and fished with the handle, to such good purpose that in a very few moments I had the leather thong in my fingers and hauled it out.

The thong tied up the mouth of a small brown canvas bag, very much like that which is used by moderns in sending and fetching money from a bank. Did the Druids—did the ancient inhabitants of Grimspound—use canvas bags for their banks? Or perhaps the Romans, from whom we have borrowed so many things, invented the canvas bag for the convenience of bank clerks. It had an ancient and a musty smell, not unexpected in a bag perhaps as old as King Cymbeline or Queen Boduque. And the coins were within. Now for the treasure. Yet it must go to H.R.H., even if it should prove to be—what? As the sailor said when he found the bottle, "Rum, I hope; sherry, I think;" so I: "Roman, I hope; mediæval, I think; modern, by George!" Yes, the coins were modern; they were not Roman, or Saxon, or Norman, or early English; they were not even rose-nobles, marks, moidores, or doubloons: they were simply sovereigns, twenty in number, and two of them quite new, bearing the date of 1879. The date of the bag, therefore, could not be later than that year. It might have been dropped in the day before yesterday. Perhaps, however, there were more. No; the firm point of the stick struck against the hard stone all round the narrow recess, but there were no more coins. The bag was a modern bank bag, and the treasure was a collection of twenty coins all the same—namely, that Victorian gold piece which is now so scarce and so highly prized in country districts known as the sovereign. It was possible, indeed, that the Druids, who are supposed to have known so much, may have had a prophetic mint, and turned out these coins in anticipation of later times; but no: the theory seemed untenable.

Twenty sovereigns in a bag—a bank bag—a modern brown canvas bag. Who could have climbed up Hamil Down in order to hide twenty pounds in a little hole like this? Was it some philosopher careless of filthy lucre? No; in this country such a thinker exists no longer. Even the Socialists would divide equally among themselves—one man "laying low" to rob his neighbor of his share—and not throw away this creature of good red gold. Had it been placed there by some one as a voluntary offering and gift to the unknown God of Fortune in order to avert his wrath, by some man over-prosperous, as the rich King of old threw his ring into the sea? That might have been before the year 1879: since that time there has been nobody prosperous. Could it have been hidden there by a thief? But if thieves steal a bag of money, it is the bag, and not the money, that they hide away. The money they take to a ken or a den, where their fraternity meet to enjoy the fruits of industry. No thief, certainly, concealed the bag in this place. It must therefore have been put there and hidden away by somebody for some secret purpose of his own. But what purpose? Who could possibly have brought a bag of twenty pounds to this wild spot, so distant from any place of human resort, and yet exposed to such an accident of discovery? Perhaps it was a magpie; in which case it only remained to find the maid. Only six years ago; perhaps less. Twenty pounds is a large sum to put away. Assuredly there was no one at all in the neighborhood of Hamil Down by whom twenty pounds could be "put away" without "feeling it," as is poetically and beautifully said. Twenty pounds! I kept counting the money, turning it over from hand to hand, looking again at the dates on the coins, and trying to think how this money came here, and why it could have been left here.

Finally I put the gold into the bag, tied it up again, and put it into my own pocket. Then I walked on, my beautiful literary meditations quite interrupted, and turned from a peaceful stream into a muddy and angry whirlpool. One does not like to be faced with a conundrum which cannot be solved, and yet will not be quiet, but keeps presenting itself. In the fable of the King who was chased by the gadfly, it is cunningly figured how a man went mad by trying to solve an enigma of which he could not find the answer, but which would never cease to trouble him.

Thinking of this curious "cache," I went on walking mechanically, till I found myself at the other side of the broad upland down. The sun by this time, which was eleven o'clock, was blazing hot, and I thought with yearning of rest and a pipe in the shade. The nearest shade accessible was across the shallow valley at my feet, and under the rocks of Hooknor opposite. Not quite half-way across I saw the long gray line which I knew to be part of the enclosure of Grimspound, on the lower slope of Hamil Down. Beyond Grimspound the ground began to rise with a gentle ascent to Hooknor, where I proposed to rest. The way down which I plunged is encumbered with quagmires, and is steep and rocky; a hill-side where adders hiss — I never, for my own part, heard this creature hiss, or clap its hands, or do anything except get out of the way as quickly as it could — and where rabbits also spring up at your feet and scud away as if they had heard of rabbit-pie. Presently, however, I found myself within the ancient and honorable city of Grimspound, which has been in ruins for sixty generations of human beings. Sixty generations! It seems a great many. We who are the heirs of all the ages possess, as may be reckoned, so many ancestors of that period that they may be set down by the figure one, followed by eighteen naughts, which is about a hundred million times the whole population of the globe at that time. The difference is caused by the marriage of cousins.

Dartmoor has many of these ancient enclosures and sacred circles with avenues of stones, menhirs, dolmens, pierced stones, and other holy apparatus of a long-forgotten cult. Grimspound, which is the largest of them, is a great oblong, surrounded by what was once a strong wall, formed by rolling the bowlders down the hill and piling them one above the other. The wall is now thrown over. Outside the wall was once a broad ditch or fosse, which is now nearly filled up. Within the wall are a dozen small circles formed of stones laid side by side. They are the foundations of houses, like those of Kes Tor. The largest circle was doubtless the Royal Palace, or perhaps the sacred building of the priest, where he sat in solitary grandeur when he was not conducting some beautiful and awe-inspiring human sacrifice. The small circles were the habitations of the nobility and gentry of Grimspound. The common sort had to make their huts without any circles, because the stones were all used up. The Grimspounders had no enemies, because on this island everbody spoke the same language, and they were all cousins. But man's chief happiness is war and fighting; therefore they pretended to be at feud with all the other tribes, and so went foraging and driving the cattle, and attacked and were attacked, and had their great generals and their valiant captains—to every tribe its Achilles and Diomede, and Nestor and Ulysses —just as their successors. All this fully accounts for Grimspound, and makes that place deeply interesting. At the same time, if any gentleman has a little pocket theory of his own about the origin and history of the place, we shall be pleased to hear him. The late ingenious Mr. James Fergusson, for instance, wrote a whole book to prove that Grimspound and its brother stone cities were all built the day before yesterday. This may be true; but, as above stated, the absence of the oldest inhabitant prevented him from proving his case.

When I had walked across the length and breadth of Grimspound, and visited the spring just outside the wall — no doubt the scene of many a sanguinary fight, the besiegers trying to keep the besieged from getting at the water— and when I had drunk of the water which looks so brown as it trickles through the little pools among the peat, I walked slowly up the hill of Hooknor, and found my shady place beside the rocks and sat down and filled my pipe, still agitated with the abominable mystery and enigma of the canvas bag, yet thinking I could devote my mind uninterruptedly to its consideration and to the tobacco. But it was a day of mysteries.

Before I tell you what followed, please to bear in mind that, though one talks of valleys and the tops of hills, the Tor of Hooknor is a very low elevation, and is certainly not the fourth part of a mile from Grimspound; next, that the enclosure lies on the upland slope of the opposite hill, though low down. Therefore to one upon Hooknor it is spread out like a map—the map of an island, in which the outer wall represents the sea-coast, and the stone circles lakes or mountains, according to the fancy of the observer. Thirdly, that the air was so clear and bright, so free from vapor or haze, that every blade of grass and every twig of heather on the opposite hill seemed visible from where I sat; and, lastly, that I am gifted with very long sight, insomuch that when I take a book of small print I am fain, in order to get the full flavor of it, to set it up at one end of the room and to read it from the other. If you understand all this, you will perfectly understand what followed.

At the same time I was perfectly in the view of any one in Grimspound, had there been any one there.

There was no one within sight or hearing; there was not a sight or sound of human life to be seen, looking from Hooknor at the great massive hill of Hamil Down; neither up nor down the valley, from this place, could be seen a village, a clearing, a farm, or any trace of man. Thus I fell to thinking again about that bag. How on earth did it get into such a queer place? Such a thing no more got into such a place by accident than the wondrous order of the Cosmos is arrived at by accident; it could not have been dropped out

of anybody's pocket by accident—the figuration and situation of the recess forbade that. It could not, again, have been deposited very recently, considering the mouldiness of the bag. I thought of putting it back and watching. But in order to watch one must hide, and there is no place in Hamil Down for even a dwarf to hide. Besides, if it had been left there five or six years before, the hiding-place might now be forgotten. And, again, one would have to watch continuously, and the top of Hamil would be bleak in winter and cold at night; and there would be difficulties about grub.

While I was thinking, the figure, which I began dimly to perceive through the nebulous veil of thought, was working his way slowly down the hill-side opposite by nearly the same way as I had myself picked among the bowlders. He came plodding along with the heavy step and rolling shoulders of one who walks much over ploughed fields and heavy land—George Sidcote had acquired that walk since his narrowed circumstances made him a hind as well as a master. This man looked neither to right nor left. Therefore he was not only a countryman, but one who knew the moor, and was indifferent as rustics seem—but they are not in reality—to its beauty and its wildness. As he came lower, I observed that he walked with hanging head, as if oppressed with thought; and presently, though his face remained hidden, I recognized him. By his mop of red hair, by his great beard, by his rolling shoulders, this could be no other than David Leighan. What on earth was David wanting on Hamil Down, and whither was he going? It was our returned prodigal, and the suspicion occurred to me immediately that not only was the prodigal impenitent, but that he was "up" to something. It might have been a suspicion as unjust and unkind as it was baseless, but it certainly crossed my mind. Where was he going, and why?

It thus became apparent that he was making for Grimspound. For if he had been going to Challacombe he would have kept higher up; and if he had been going to Vitifer or to Post Bridge, he would have kept on straight for a quarter of a mile before striking the path; but he made straight down the hill, just as I had done. Was David also then among the archæologists? Was he going to verify on the spot a theory on their purpose and construction—first conceived, perhaps, among the blacks?

Whatever he was in search of he had a purpose in his mind. His face, which I could now make out plainly under the shade of his felt hat, was set with a purpose. Your naturally slow man, when he has a definite purpose in his mind, shows it more intelligibly than the swift-minded man, who jumps from one idea to another. He was going to Grimspound—perhaps the purpose marked in his face was only a determination to sit down and take a pipe among the ruins. In that case he might take it kindly if I were to shout an invitation to come up and join me. But no. When he should see me it would be time enough to shout.

In the corner of Grimspound, nearest to Hamil Down, there are lying piled one above the other three or four stones a good deal bigger than those which form the greater part of the wall. They lie in such a way—I presently ascertained the fact by investigation—that there is formed a little cave, dry, quite protected from rain, dark, and long, its back formed by the lower part of a round bowlder, while one side, sloping floor, and sloping roof are formed by these flat bowlders. David, I observed—though I knew nothing then about this little cave, I dare say there are many others like it in the enclosure—made straight for the spot without doubt or hesitation. He had, therefore, come all the way from Manaton to look for something in Grimspound. This was interesting, and I watched with some curiosity, though I ought, no doubt, to have sung out. It must be something he had brought home with him—something valuable. He was not, perhaps, so poor as he seemed to be. When one comes to think of it, a man must have some possessions; it is almost impossible to travel about for six years and to amass nothing; one must have luggage of some kind when one crosses the ocean all the way from Australia to England.

He stopped at this convenient hiding-place. Then he looked around him quickly, as if to assure himself that no one was present to observe him; I wonder he did not see me. Then he stooped down, reached within some cavity hidden to me, and drew out something.

It was in a big blue bag. I could plainly see that the blue bag, like my canvas bag, was weather-stained. He laid the bag upon a stone, and proceeded to draw out its contents, consisting of a single box. It was a box about two feet long and eighteen inches wide, and two or three inches deep. It was a tin box. What had David got in his box? I might have walked down the hill and asked him that question, but one was naturally somewhat ashamed to confess to looking on at what was intended for a profound secret. Let him take his box and carry it back to his cottage. I made up my mind on the spot, and nothing that followed in the least degree caused me to waver in that conviction—indeed, I heard very little of what had happened for some time afterward—that the box had been brought home by David; and I was quite certain that it contained things which he had gathered during his travels. What things? Well, they have coral, pearls, shells, feathers, all kinds of beautiful things in the islands of the Pacific. We shall soon find out what they were.

Good! David was not, then, quite a pauper. It is always pleasant to find that the returned exile has not done altogether so badly for himself. Let him keep his secret, and reveal it in his own good time.

David was so anxious to keep the secret that he actually took off his jacket—the sailor's blue jacket—wrapped it round the bag, and tied it up securely with string. Then, without looking about him any more, he turned and walked back as slowly and deliberately as he had come, carrying the treasure under his arm. As soon as his figure had surmounted the brow of the hill and had disappeared, I got up and sought the hiding-place in the wall of Grimspound. It really was a place into which nobody would think of looking for anything. The top stone sloped downward over the mouth, so as almost to hide it. In this cluster of four great stones no one would have dreamed of finding or of looking for anything. David's hiding-place was well chosen.

Then I followed, walking slowly, so that I might not catch him up on his way home with his tin box full of queer things from the Southern Seas.

The extraordinary coincidence, which I did not in the least suspect, was that on the very same morning that David went to recover the box I should light upon the bag. You will understand presently what a remarkable coincidence that was.

In the evening I told George all that had happened, and produced the brown canvas bag. George did exactly what is usual under such circumstances: without some conventional manner of receiving things, even surprises of the most startling kind, life would be too jumpy. He took the bag, looked at it, opened it, poured out the gold, counted it, held it in his hand and weighed it; looked at it again, put it back into the bag, and laid the bag on the table.

"It is weather-stained, old man," he said, "and smells of the mould. I should think it had been there some time." He took it up again and turned it round. "Look!" he said, "here are initials; they are nearly faded, but they are certainly initials. I make out an A—no, a B; or is it a D?—and an L. Certainly an L; B. L. or D. L., which is it?"

"Looks to me," I said, turning the bag about in the light, "looks like B. A.; but it may be D. L."

"Will," he cried, "I believe you have really found something important. Six years ago, when Daniel Leighan fell off his pony, he always declared that he lost twenty pounds in gold. It was tied up, he always says, in a canvas bag. This must be his bag and these must be his initials. I am quite sure of it."

"Very odd, if it is so. Why should a man steal a bag of money only to put it—money and all—into a hole and then go away and leave it?"

"Well, I take it that the thief put the bag there meaning to return for it, but forgot where he put it."

"You *can't* forget the Grey Wether Stone, George. There is only one Grey Wether Stone on Hamil Down, and who in the world would go all up Hamil on purpose to hide a bag of money when there are hiding-places in every stone wall about the fields?"

"Take it to Daniel to-morrow and show it to him, Will. He always declares that he was robbed of this money as well as of his bonds and securities. Nobody has ever believed him, because it seems unreasonable that a robber should take twenty pounds and leave fifty. But if it is proved that he is right about the money, he may also be right about the bonds."

Strange that neither of us thought of connecting David's box, which he fished out at Grimspound, with his uncle's bonds. But then I did not know that the bonds were in a box: one thinks of bonds as a roll of paper.

"As for David's box," said George, "I agree with you, Will, that it is best to say nothing about it. Let him keep his secret. If it is valuable, so much the better. We will keep the thing to ourselves. But as for the canvas bag, you must certainly take it to Gratnor to-morrow, and give Daniel the chance of claiming it."

CHAPTER XI.

DAVID'S REVENGE.

Had I taken that canvas bag to Gratnor early in the morning instead of the evening, many things might have turned out differently; among other things, David's extraordinary scheme of revenge might never have been possible. If I had told Daniel Leighan the strange thing I had witnessed from Hooknor Tor, he must certainly have connected the box taken from Grimspound with the box of his own papers. As for me, however, I knew nothing till much later about that box of papers.

The scheme was almost worthy of David's American pals—the gentlemen who had all "done something." The box, when David had carried it home, proved to be quite full of papers. His own knowledge of papers and their value was slight, but he knew very well that signed papers had been his own destruction, and that the possession of signed papers made his uncle rich. I do not suppose that he could have known anything at all about shares, warrants, bonds, coupons, and such things. But he did know, and understood clearly, that the loss of a box full of papers would certainly entail the greatest inconvenience, and might cause a grievous loss of property. The loss of ordinary papers, such as share certificates and the like, causes only temporary inconvenience, which may be set right by payment of a small fee. But there are some kinds of papers the loss of which simply means that of the whole investment represented. Among these, for instance, are coupons representing certain municipal bonds. They are made payable to bearer, and if they are lost cannot be replaced. In this tin box David found certain coupons of this kind. They represented an investment of nearly £3000. This is a large sum of money, even in the eyes of a rich man; think what it means to a man who has made his money by scraping and saving, by scheming how to best his neighbor, and by being as eager to save sixpence in a bargain as to force a sale for his own advantage! Three thousand pounds! It was the half of the money which Daniel Leighan held in trust for Mary until she should marry with his consent. He had almost brought himself to think that it was part of Mary's fortune which had been lost, and that he would be able to deduct that sum from the amount which he must pay her when he suffered her to get married. Three thousand pounds lost altogether! For now six years had passed away, and there was not a single clew or trace of those coupons, so that those who did not believe that Daniel had been robbed were inclined to think that the papers, wherever he had left them, must have been destroyed to spite their owner.

David called upon his uncle about eleven in the forenoon. He was received with the cordiality generally extended to all needy relations, and to those who think they have a right to expatiate upon their misfortunes and to ask for a temporary loan.

Mr. Leighan shuffled his papers as a sign that he was busy and wished the call to be short, nodded his head with scant courtesy, and asked his nephew what he came for.

"I've come, uncle," David began very slowly, spreading himself upon a chair like unto one who means to stay. In fact, he placed his hat upon another chair, drew out his pocket-handkerchief and laid it across his knees, and produced a small brown paper packet. "I've come, uncle—"

"Don't be longer than you can help, David. Get to the subject at once, if you can. Say what you came to say, and then go away and leave me with my own business. It's high time you were looking after your own. Will George Sidcote give you a job?"

"Damn your jobs!" said his nephew, flaming.

"I hear you borrowed a bed yesterday, and a chair and a table, and that you have settled in the cottage—my cottage. Very good. I don't mind if you have it rent free till you get into work, when you'll have to pay your rent like your neighbors. If you begin any more nonsense about robbing you of your land, out you go at once."

David, at the risk of seeming monotonous, uttered another and a similar prayer for the destruction of his uncle's cottage.

"If that is all you came to say, nephew, the sooner you go the better. And the sooner you clear out of my cottage and leave the parish—do you hear, sir?—leave the parish—the better, or I'll make the place too hot for you—"

"I didn't come to swear at you, uncle," said David, more meekly. "If you wouldn't keep on—there, I've done; now hold your tongue and listen. I've got something very serious to say—very serious, indeed—and it's about your business, too!"

"Then make haste about it."

"Six years ago, they tell me, you were robbed, that night when you fell off your pony, after I'd gone away."

"It was the evening of that very day."

"Ah!"—David's eyes smiled, though his lips did not—"we little thought when I used those words with which we parted, how quick they'd come true. When you lay there on the broad of your back, now, your face white and your eyes open, but never seeing so much as the moon in the sky, did you think of your nephew whose farm you'd robbed, and did you say 'David, 'tis a judgment?'"

"No, I didn't, David." Afterward Daniel wished that he had denied the truth of those details about the white face and the eyes which saw nothing; because if a man is solemnly cursed by his nephew in the morning, and gets such a visitation in the evening it does look like a Providence, regarded from any point of view. He did not, however, ask or suspect how David arrived at those details. "I didn't say that, David. You may be quite sure I didn't say that."

"You felt it all the more then. Very well. While you lay there, as they tell me, some one comes along and robs you. What did you lose, uncle? Was it your watch and chain and all your money?"

"No; my watch and chain were not taken, and only a little of the money."

"Uncle, are you sure you were robbed? Do you think that robbers ever leave money behind them? Was the money taken in notes, or was it in gold?"

"It was all in gold; fifty pounds in one bag, twenty pounds in the other, and both bags in one pocket. The small bag was taken and the big bag left. But what does it matter to you?"

"You shall see presently. I am going to surprise you, uncle. What else did you lose besides the little bag?"

"I lost a box of papers—but what does it matter to you? Did you come here to inquire about my robbery? I suppose you are glad to hear of it."

"Never mind, uncle. You go on answering my questions; I've got my reasons. I am going to surprise you. Wait a bit."

"Well, then; but what can you know? It was a tin box secured by a lock and tied round with a leather strap; I carried it in a blue bag—a lawyer's bag—hanging round my neck for safety."

"What was in that box, did you say?"

"David!" the old man changed color, and became perfectly white, and clutched at the arms of his chair and pulled himself upright, moved out of himself by the mere thought. "David! have you heard anything? have you found anything?"

"Wait a bit; all in good time. What was in that box, did you say, again?"

"Papers."

"What kind of papers? Were they papers, for instance, that might make you lose money?"

"Money? David, there were papers in that box that could never be replaced. Money? I lost with that box papers to the tune of three thousand pounds—three thousand pounds, David—all in coupons!"

"It was a judgment! Why, my mortgages were not so very much more. Three thousand pounds! Come, even you would feel that, wouldn't you? Were there actually three thousand pounds in that box?"

"The man who stole that box might have presented those coupons one by one, and got them paid as they fell due, without questions asked—that is, he could until I stopped them. Oh! I could stop them, and I did; but I could never get them paid until I presented them through my own bankers. David, if you are revengeful, you may laugh; for it is a blow from which I have never recovered. They say that the paralysis in my legs was caused by falling from the pony, whereby I got, it seems, concussion of the brain. But I know better, David. A man like me does not get paralyzed in the legs by falling on his head. 'Twas the loss of all the money—the loss of three thousand pounds—that caused the paralysis. And now I sit here all day long—I who used to ride about on my own land all day long!—and I try to think, all day and all night, if I could have left that box anywhere, or given to any one that bag of twenty sovereigns. David, tell me—I will reward you if you tell me anything to my advantage—have you heard something?"

David nodded his head slowly.

"Three thousand pounds," he repeated. "It was three thousand pounds."

"I'm not a rich man, David, though you think I am. As for taking your farm, if I hadn't taken it, somebody else would; for you were a ruined man, David—you were a ruined man. And now, even if I leave it to you in my will, for I must leave my property to some one—it is a hard thing that a man can't take his property with him when he dies!—it would be little use, because Mary's money must come out of it. Oh! it was a hard blow—a cruel, hard blow!"

"Yes," said David. "As a judgment, it was a—a—a—wunner. I never heard of a nobler judgment. Three thousand pounds!—and a fall off your pony!—and a paralysis!—all for robbing me of my land. Did you ever offer any reward?"

"No. What was the good?"

"Would you give any reward?"

"I would give—I would give—yes—I would give ten pounds to get that box back again."

"Ten pounds for three thousand. That's a generous offer, isn't it?"

"I'd give fifty pounds—I'd give a hundred—two hundred—four hundred, David." He multiplied his offer by two every time that David shook his head.

"You'd have to come down more handsome than four hundred to get back three thousand pounds. Well," he rose as if to go, "that's all I've got to say this morning. That will do for to-day. Much more handsome you would have to come down."

"David!" cried his uncle, eagerly, "what do you mean by being more handsome. Tell me, David—do you know anything?"

"Why," said David, "I may know, or I may not know. What did I tell you? Didn't I say that I might have something to sell? Well—that's enough for this morning!" He moved toward the door.

"David, David, come back! What have you got to sell?"

"That is my secret"—he stood with his hand on the door-handle—"if you tell a secret, what is the good of it?"

"David, stop—stop! Do you know where that box was taken? Oh! David, put away your hard thoughts. Remember you were ruined already. I didn't ruin you; my heart bled to see your father's son ruining himself."

David made the same remark about his uncle's heart as he had made concerning his reference to jobs and his allusion to the cottage.

"Look here, uncle: perhaps the box exists, and perhaps it doesn't. Perhaps I have learned where it is, and perhaps I haven't. Perhaps I've got a paper out of the box in my pocket at this minute and perhaps—well, what would you give me for a paper out of the box, taken out this very morning, none of the other papers having been so much as touched? Not one of the books full of those coupons, or whatever you call them, but a paper worth nothing. What would you give for that, just to show that the others can be laid hold of?"

"Oh! give it to me, David;" the old man stretched out both hands with yearning eyes; "let me look at it. Can it be that the box is found after all, and safe?"

"If it is found, depend upon it that it is safe, uncle. Take your oath of that. The man who's got that box won't let it go in a hurry, particularly when he knows what's inside of it. Three thousand pounds! and, perhaps, if he knew it, his own, for the trouble of presenting them at the right place."

"They've been stopped," Daniel explained, for the second time. "You don't know what that means, perhaps; it means that any one who presents those papers for payment will find the money stopped, and himself taken up for unlawful possession of the coupons—unlawful possession, David—which is seven years, I believe!"

Perhaps he was not wise in giving this warning. For it stands to reason that the coupons might have been presented, and so the possessor been detected and the whole recovered.

"Very well," said David, who had that valuable quality, often found with the slow mind, of imperturbability. "But you can't touch the money without the papers, can you? Not you. Very well, then. Without talking of those coupons, as you call them, for the present, what should you say supposing I was to show you now—this minute—one of the other papers that were in the box?"

"Do you mean it, David? do you mean it?"

"I mean business, uncle. I mean selling, not giving."